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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's



DECEMBER

1982

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## Frontlines

### Springsteen: here comes the knight

"Are you alive?"  
"He is!"  
"He's just prisoners of rock 'n' roll... and we're all here sentenced to life."

It was the third hour and the third deluxe encore of the Bruce Springsteen concert last month in Toronto. It was hard to believe that the small man upon stage with his guitar cocked at the audience and a diamond-shaped rip in the thigh of his jeans was going to repeat this lap of energy for 25 more nights, up and down the continent, before his North American tour of 100 concerts—none less than galvanic, the best of them almost Mahlerian—comes to an end in January.

Springsteen's answer to sleepless in his song, *Prove It All Night*, and his motto, "never surrender" (darkness on the *Edge of Town*, his fourth album, has gone platinum in both Canada and the U.S. After a Springsteen show at L.A.'s Bony Club, singer-songwriter Jackson Browne said, "How can I play again after seeing that performance?" After the Toronto concert, record producer

Bob Ezrin who has worked with Alice Cooper and Tim Curry was subliminally carried away. "The best stage presence since Jagger. He's phenomenal—the best."

A Springsteen concert is a barrage of vivid drama, musical dialogue and aching emotions. "I like to work real hard and feel finished when we get off stage," he says. In concert, he brings back echoes of Dylan's vision, Ray Charles's power and Hendrix's anguished physical contortions. The stage show is shaped and lit like a movie. Cut to Springsteen prowling through the jungle, smoking wads from his guitar, lodged firmly in his groin. Cut to his audience in a rock 'n' roll arena. Cut to his mind set, the *R Street Band*, led by the seven black giant Clarence Clemons, who plays his sax with free Springsteen calls his band "the great ground, the guys who keep the floor laid."

Although his movements are chosen so sparsely as punctuation, in action Springsteen is a whirlwind dervish, letting go totally and fearlessly. Something astonishing happens—Springsteen leaps off the stage and wades into the audience, beyond that point of no return, that separates the performer from his adoring fans. He marches into the sea of people and the waves part in stunned, almost religious respect. And the head of trust remains intact as his audience, defenses torn down in the name of common self, often hushes back unthinkingly. It's easy to understand how a "rock messiah" myth got started, since he is all humility on stage—

Springsteen (right) and Clemons deep in rock 'n' roll changes. *Wipeout if you drop*

with a smoothness that crowns golden Backstage, after the Toronto show, Springsteen looks blown away. This, that body is drained and he looks like he could use something. But he sips a soda, no booze or drugs before a show—"it's like coming on stage on crutches"—and he brings-me-downs afterward, either. With his hair slicked back, a black leather jacket, stove-pipe jeans and pointed shoes, he looks more '60s than the '80s ever were. He could be in the movies.

Whispering, his words come out inarticulately but honestly. Music is his language. "When I got into music, I didn't believe, love or trust anything. Everything laid me down. Music was and is the only compelling thing in my life, it became a sort of refuge."

The streets of Freehold, New Jersey, spawned this working-class hero who wrote about teen-age angst, cars and girls, and who played his electronic art with an unbridled passion and as a "tool to bust open doors" into his own personal dream. "I spent a lot of time by myself," he says, "I preferred to be alone with my music." But a major legal and psychological storm loomed, one that would shake the precarious hold on his newfound dream.

Rock in the early '70s was going through a crisis. It was becoming a middle-class woman. The search was on to find someone to save the music and Springsteen, who, in his Catholic school days had once drawn Christ cru-





# Charlton Heston: more than just a granite jaw

He was Moses on Mount Sinai, shielding his eyes while the Almighty, looking like an intense, out-of-control blowtorch, brandished the Ten Commandments on a smoky rock. He was John the Baptist, Ben Hur, El Cid, Michelangelo, Michael, Mark Antony, Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson. But the man who played those legendary roles in film or on the stage is in Toronto not as an actor but as an author. Charlton Heston has just published *The Actor's Life: Journeys 1956-1976*, and he is in town to promote the book.

Heston emerges from the bedrooms of his luxurious hotel suite in a navy-blue track suit, the top partly unbuttoned to reveal patches the size of inverted saucers. His first one looks white and gleeful as *unbuttoned boy*. The 54-year-old actor is six-foot-two inches tall, weighs more than 200 pounds, and looks emotionally fit. He has had a gratifying day signing books by the scene, at one point being nudged by crowd-chattering "Heston, Heston," but he shows no signs of fatigue.

Heston has the beautiful, modulated voice of the trained actor and talks with Gaelic fluency (he is of Scottish descent). He appears to be totally relaxed and self-assured, cradling a drink in his hand, but his glittering, recessed blue-grey eyes are watchful. His smile is slow and wide and very disarming. The jaw in his groove, Jennifer Jones broke her hand when she slapped his face in *Anthony and Cleopatra*.

The role of author is an unfamiliar one for Heston. "My ego has been much involved in this book," he says. "This is probably the only book I'm ever going to write. With a play or a film, other people are involved in it, and you can always blame them. A book is more totally a personal undertaking."

If Heston has other things on his mind about the book, he keeps them to himself. It is likely to become a best-seller because it carries the Heston name, but it consists of little more than the spare day-to-day settings of a dedicated, hard-working actor, and the poverty of detail

sometimes makes for dull reading. But Heston writes movingly of his much-loved wife Lyda and children, *Frederic*, 22, and *Holly Ann*, 27. Readers who expect to find in these pages the glimmer and gossip associated with movie-making will be disappointed. Heston explains why. "I am at pains to specify that it is a journal rather than a diary, because a diary seems to imply amoral revelations and deeply personal insights, and this [book] is mostly preoccupied with professional chores."

Charlton Heston was born in Evanston, Illinois, in 1924, and was brought up in the woods of northern Michigan, where his father was manager of a lumber mill. He describes those days as "happy, a Tom Sawyer boyhood." His parents divorced when he was 11, and he and his mother moved to a suburb of Chicago. Later, he attended Northwestern University, where he nurtured his passion for acting—and met Lyda Clark, the other person in his life. She has been his wife for 31 years. After some last years in Manhattan, Heston landed a supporting role in *Anthony and Cleopatra* in 1948, with Katharine Cornell. "I

think I got the part because of my size," he says in the book. "Miss Cornell was very tall and she had big men in her company." There followed a string of roles in live TV before he was given his first lead in film, in *Dark City* in 1950. Heston was paid \$400 for each of his TV roles. For the past 20 years, he has commanded a six-figure salary for each of his films, plus a percentage of the gross.

Yet for all his intelligence, sensitivity and conscientiousness, Heston is not a great actor and remains dissatisfied with all his performances. He is often unable to project emotion or tension, and most of his characters tend to be portrayed as stone-faced, humorless heroes. It is his majestic physical presence that makes Heston one of the most bankable stars in the business. "De Mille said to me more than once that one of the reasons he cast me as Moses was my physical resemblance to Michelangelo's statue. Whenever he closed his eyes he saw me as Moses." Nevertheless his acting has been taken seriously enough to garner for him an *Academy Award* (for *Ben Hur*), a *German Bambi*, an *Italian David di Donatello*, and three *Belgian Uffesings*.

Heston is a purist. He studied the *Dead Sea Scrolls* and read theology before playing Moses. His hands were calloused for months when he was learning to drive a chariot for *Ben Hur*. He pushed a plastic needle up his nose to get it out of joint when he took on the

role of Michelangelo. "That's not suffering," he insists. "Actors are enchanted with undergoing various physical discomforts in the service of their art. Failure is suffering."

"Chuck" Heston is a far more complex man than his screen image would suggest. He served six times as president of the Screen Actors Guild and is chairman of the American Film Institute. In 1961, long before he was fashionable, he supported the black struggle for civil rights and took part in a demonstration in Oklahoma City. In August, 1968, he joined the civil rights march on the Capitol. "It was one of the great days of my life," he says. "It was a shining time to be in Washington then."

Heston has now made more than 20 films, but interestingly he has been drawn to rubbing nose-ropes (instead of the great roles [especially in *Shakespeare*) that he relishes. "Obviously the film I've done in recent years have been largely oriented toward huge commercial success. This ensures my visibility as an actor and also allows me to do the great parts on the stage. I have to think in commercial terms enough to stay employable." It is a quandary from which there is no easy escape. One is left with an image of him as Prometheus chained to the rock of his fate, his wrists gnawed at by his thwarted perfectionism. An image of heroic failure. Robert de Santis



A young Canadian succeeded where some politicians in Rome failed.

The mission was brief — getting enough to keep Africa's millions from starving. Countries such as Zambia had food, and had farmers. But when they turned up the land they had the Zambian government was divided over permits, schools and quarter access. The Green group stepped in to work out.

It took United Church agricultural mission men, Lee Holland to see this, copying a Canadian parliament to find Africa. The mission's other way around. He started with the farmers. Then he started the land. 11,000 acres of valley bottom and nearby hillsides that the Zambian government (at last) agreed to sell, according to the farmers' needs and skills.

The war broke some of those farmers had been squatters, having squatted among food from the soil for hundreds of years. In the very first year many of these same farmers each produced enough to feed an average of 40 more Zambians.

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For more information about Lee Holland, and others who are helping people help themselves, write to:

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These faces of Heston, as Moses in *The Ten Commandments*, Ben Hur and the recently published author photographing his books.

## A mild man who rides a mean machine

There's a tree on a hill near Herrell, New York, with a big gouge in the trunk about 20 feet high. It was put there by Mike Williams and his custom-built Honda 500 during one of many rides on the wild side that have kept the eternally-39-year-old hill biker from Markham, Ontario, as the top international rider of the sport. But the cost—in money and broken bones—has been high.

"I've paid my dues," says Williams, who became the first Canadian to win both the American and World Championships in 1972. There's a crack in his forehead that never heals and will never heal. Two cracked vertebrae and a permanent

twist in his spine require regular chiropractic servicing. Then there are the two broken skulls, the broken foot, the nose three shattered and fingers fractured too often to count. In 1953, he rode to the Canadian National Championship with a broken ankle, but, sooner, he won the Grand National Championship in Michigan (and a course record) hours after undergoing surgery for kidney stones. Williams, a mild and modest man with an evil Kisteel brocade, remembers: "I was so weak the morning of that hill climb that I had to ask drivers to take a shower, running the water as cold as I could stand it." And when he wiped out against the tree, people really thought he was done for. Yet when Mar- ro, his wife of 22 years, flew into the ambulance beside him, in a death-rattle voice he breathed in her ear: "Look, if I have to go, I want to go first-class. Tell the driver to turn the lights and siren on."

Williams, a father of three and a recent grandfather ("don't play up the Old Fox of the Hill image," he asks) insists that he's no madman with a death wish. "I'm not trying to get across that I'm tough or anything," he says. "I just love the sport."

The hill-climb event pits men and machines against the hill, against time and against one another. In both the 500 cc and 750 cc classes, riders are allowed two or three runs against the clock.

and the one with the single lowest elapsed time wins. It requires strength (Williams has the build and look of a middleweight fighter, and once would have been the county-fair circuit to pay his racing expenses) and although it has risks (a few-year-old "safety" hill climbing is not a sport of outdurance. The average run by a top-flight rider barely lasts 10 seconds. Flights interrupted by tree trunks are, of course, shorter.



Williams outside his Honda 500, and left, kicking out the jungle on foot on a hill.

Williams and his bike are a peculiar team—an easygoing guy on a mean machine, a \$10,000 custom-built, fuel-injected, elongated thoroughbred that puts out 300 hp and drinks 97-per-cent pure nitromethane (rocket fuel). Together they concentrate on one essentially absurd goal: to assemble from a standing start up a 300- or 600-foot, 70-degree hill—if the man can hold on and the machine doesn't break—faster than anybody else. Since Williams's Honda turns twice the rim of most other conventional bikes, it's capable, he admits, of "going heavy sometimes." Pop the throttle too suddenly and it could blow a head gasket, or explode.

After winning the world title twice in six years, this season has been unlucky for Williams. This past October he gambled his own money staging the first Canadian National Championship hill climb in four years at a new site near Orangeville, Ont. With 22 top American riders and three Canadians entered, it was everything but a financial success. Williams won, of course, but the following weekend he sustained a serious shoulder injury that subsequently kept him out of the running for the world title. A partnership in a lithography business recently collapsed, so far, 1978 has not been great.

But he has plans for staging two more, a National and a Ontario event, next year, and the next time he goes after the No. 1 rider's pylon, his newly modified bike will put out an extra 30 hp. "Then, by God, we'll blow the doors off them."

Brian Freeman



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Photo: Steve

## See Africa —carefully

Now is the best time to see Rhodesia," across the travel blarney prepared in Salisbury. It's not mentioned in many of the brochures at the neighbourhood travel agent's office. But Rhodesia, for those who are willing to dare danger, can be toured these days at cut-rate prices that would make even Freddie Laker blush. Never mind the apartheid, genuine takeoffs to avoid SAM-7 missiles, the emergency trips to an understated bunker if a motor launch hits the hotel, or the estimated 8,000 guerrillas roaming the bush and relishing the cities. The fact is that despite a worsening guerrilla war that now claims an average of 20 lives a day, Rhodesia is still a beautiful country and the country where you live there are demonstrating that even where there's a war, there's a way to keep tourism alive.

Soon the downing of a civilian airliner on Reg. 3 and the subsequent slaying of 10 crash survivors hasn't stopped the tourists from coming, though more



Rhodesian guerrillas welcome to Rhodesia.

precautionary measures are being taken. "You can always tell an Air Rhodesia pilot, it's the one that drops down the runway and then shoots up like a helicopter in 30,000 feet," says one white Rhodesian, impressively describing the now, missile-avoiding flight patterns.

Strict security follows the tourist whenever he goes. A military land-armed vehicle leads the way to the famous junkie elephants at the Wildlife National Park. Planes landing near the magnificent Victoria Falls are met as

the runway by machine-gun-toting police. A "warplane" cruise in the Zambezi River is now the rule as flanked by an army escort boat.

The tourism board isn't lying, but at the rate the war is escalating and with the chances for peace evaporating, they should probably say, "Now is the last time to see Rhodesia." For however the conflict is solved, the country is sure to be known in the future by its African name, Zimbabwe. **Curly Murphy**

## Skip the news, how are the Sawchuks?

Nine years ago a young Calgary housewife named Nancy Stahl walked into *The Calgary Herald* with a spirit of housewife courage. The woman's editor was impressed and brought one a week for \$25. Eight months later Stahl's column under the heading, *My So-Called*, was appearing in 52 editions and Canadian newspapers.

Last February a less young Westbrook

Alberta writer named Ted Ferguson walked into *The Edmonton Journal* with a stack of typewritten columns. The managing editor was appalled but he showed them around to staffers. Eight months later

*The Sawchuk*, a daily soap-opera and a broadside to the good old days of the declining newspaper sales, is still appearing in the *Journal*. Nobody else is buying it, but apparently everybody is down a reading.

The writing would embrace the authors of paperback romances, although Ferguson, a published author, prefers to call his soap-dish product merely "satire."

But when the *Journal* pulled it for a couple

of days when its legal department feared that one chapter verged on libeling a real person, the paper heard about it," says Ferguson—a point readily verified by *Montreal* Editor Don Smith. Within two days

*The Sawchuks* were reinstated, and up to their editors in cables again.

Come back, come back! —An actress (nods) her eyes (winks) with fresh tears (cries) I bear it truly (sighs).

"*The Sawchuks*" revolves around the Edmontonian angel and a Westlock barmaid, lovely, a local student newspaper ran a parody called *The Laughlines*, and *Journal* staffers begrudgingly accept that they are often pumped about upcoming chapters.

Ferguson writes one 450- to 500-word chapter a day and delivers them Saturday afternoon to the *Journal's* junior, Ferguson, who has had 20 plays performed and has written for many magazines. A hot ex-husband, it's got-better pay, he admits, but it's his kink on writing from his farmhouse home. "It's a means to an end," he shrugs. "I'm trying to escape it."

I'm not sure *The Sawchuks* is quite as able, says Calgary Herald Managing Editor Larry O'Hara. "We'd have read *The Sawchuks*," and got feedback from everyone else? *The Sawchuk* just cooks up. **Don LaBrosse**



Photo: Bob





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### LifeLines

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MISS LYNDIA HUGHES OTTAWA

### What news is good news?



Celine Lomez: objection to a screen gem

I wish to express my objection to your cover picture for the story on the new "screen gems" (Nov. 18). I thought you were a news magazine, not competition for *Competition*.

C. V. SANDERS OTTAWA

### The first shall be first

*Maclean's*, which boasts of itself as "Canada's weekly newsmagazine," calls Pierre Trudeau's family the "first family." Is Steve's Photos ... (Nov. 6). When will Canadians learn that they live in a political culture that is different from that of the United States? Since Queen Elizabeth is Canada's sovereign, it might seem that her family could be termed our first. However, since she habitually resides outside the country, a strong case can be made for the Governor-General's family. But whether the Queen's or the Governor-General's family is the first, in no way is the prime minister's.

ANDREW BONIC, FACULTY OF ARTS,  
UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, OTTAWA

### The Sundance bid

Thank you and Peter Curly-Gerige for the article on Sundance, Manitoba. No One Lives Here Anymore (Nov. 6). As a past resident of Sundance, I find it surprising, if not comforting, to know that the passing of our town has been noticed by someone other than the residents and families its demise has so drastically affected. It is with mixed emotions, in this case, that we see people responding to the media's call for energy conservation.

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# On Her Majesty's Service

**T**he time had come for Deputy Prime Minister Allan Rock to let the federal Liberal cabinet in on the deep secret which Pierre Trudeau had gone off to tell the Queen in London: Edward Richard Schreyer was Canada's 22nd Governor-General. Her Majesty's ministry fell into stunned silence. Finally, tentatively, one of them broke the hush. "All right, Allan, stop joking. Who is it?"

The same note of wonder sounded throughout the nation last week as citizens contemplated a new first family—and the unlikely Queen's representative, head of state and commander-in-chief. For generations a succession of lords, earls and generals with dignitas and the ways of Harrow, Sandhurst and Balliol, resigned in the quiet, forbidding Rideau Hall. Even the Canadians who held the office, starting with Vincent Massey, were blue bloods, diplomats or aristocratically inclined men of means.

Ed Schreyer is nothing of the sort. He is a farm boy who piloted measure and saved logs on a sparsely farmed home-

stead, a descendant of German stock, he has sold ethnic ties and a vivacious, down-home wife in the bargain. Lily Schreyer. He speaks English and French, some Ukrainian and some German. In an age of conservatism, he has been a most visible social democrat. He collected four university degrees and rose to power, but he preserved the common touch and a cloud of rumpled curls. With his Western roots, a young family and an informal style, Ed Schreyer's years at Rideau Hall should be utterly unlike the ones that went before.

In London outside 10 Downing Street, Trudeau explained why Ed Schreyer came to him. He is, said Trudeau, "young, dynamic, not from Central Canada, not from the establishment." He is a modest man and he wondered if he could do it—which made me think that he could.

Schreyer's name first popped up as a G-G candidate in Trudeau's inner circle three months ago (although Trudeau had tried to woo Schreyer in Ottawa in the past for the Anti-Inflation Board, the

national unity task force and the National Energy Board). Gordon Robertson, Trudeau's trusted adviser on senior appointments, wooed Schreyer out, but the conversation was so vague that the two men ended up discussing the weather.

Then last Tuesday, while Schreyer was touring, Trudeau called to offer the job, and to invite him to Ottawa. Schreyer promptly turned a speaking commitment over to a colleague and flew to Ottawa for dinner at 26 Sussex Drive, across from Rideau Hall, 24 hours before the PM's flight to London. "It was warm," the cautious Schreyer allows of the time-a-lie. "But it did not dwell on pleasantries. We had too many things to talk about."

What Schreyer and Trudeau will discuss in their regular weekly meetings after the swearing-in on Jan. 22 already is a subject of intense speculation in the capital. In Schreyer, Trudeau clearly has a kindred spirit across the street in a time of trouble (see story overleaf). An longtime advocate of official bilingualism and strong central government, the two will operate on the same philosophical wavelength—they always have.

The Terms have darker thoughts about the Schreyer-Trudeau relationship. Only half-jokingly imagining a Trudeau-Ed breakdown encounter fol-

lowing a narrow Liberal minority win in the next election, a senior Conservative strategist remarks: "Trudeau comes out of a meeting with an MRC Governor-General and says: Ed, he says we can form a government."

**C**ritical as it sounds, an admiring former Schreyer adviser voices another anxious thought: the new G-G's use of office. "Let's face it," says the source, "Trudeau never rewards anybody. If he has a minority government coming up, no question he'd rather have Schreyer there than someone with no political roots."

The Conservatives were unusually sort in the wake of an appointment that traditionally comes in a transparent atmosphere. Opposition leader Joe Clark, perhaps assuming a vision of Schreyer reading the first Tully thesis speech next fall, remarked stiffly in the Commons: "I am sure he will be a good job. I want to wish him well."

For the Schreyers, there was some reluctance at leaving home and friends. In an office where style often counts more than substance, however, the unrefined new first family should harmonize the office in the manner of the Jules Légaré (see page 39). Schreyer is not only the youngest G-G since the 28-year-old Lord Lansdowne in 1883, the couple's four children should bring a bounce to Impetuous Rideau Hall not seen since the 1940s. Then official Ottawa bowed with tales of young Brian, son of Viscount Alexander of Tunis, who was given to firing 18-ga pellets at the spousal grounds and bursts upon his wife's visits at portraiture of his dad's illustrious predecessor. Push the pencils, Mom.

Robert Lewis/Jan Unghuri

## On the road and on the ropes

**O**nly the Liberal party's professional operators are convinced that Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau can win the next election. Typically, a longtime Trudeau loyalist talks with resignation about "the do list" and expresses the hope that at least Trudeau will stay on as a feisty Opposition leader. In Ontario, a few leading Liberals even thought of asking Trudeau to resign if last week's Gallup poll results were best—which they were.

Trudeau, however, was nowhere to be seen in the frosty capital. The day Gallup reported that in a 55-36 percentage lead over the Liberals, Trudeau flew to Europe for private talks with German Prime Minister Helmut Kohl and French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing.

Cautious Trudeau, who gets his best



Trudeau and Charest in Paris: growing alliance about an emerging common faith.

policy in the world stage, will quit of his way to avoid the press. His office discouraged Canadian reporters from covering the trip and turned aside interview requests from "Europeans." Trudeau, "heist" about for an inconspicuous exit at the United Nations in Paris—at 1 100 francs, or roughly \$275 per night—and left word with the hotel staff that he wanted "total calm."

It was the staff to respect Trudeau's wish to see his trip to Europe as a private move. It was not without speculation about his future plans at a time when his every move is watched by political planners. There were unconfirmed reports

that Trudeau planned to visit Jean Charest and Ambassador Claude Paré before leaving the PM's stop down because of his bleak prospects for re-election.

Trudeau flatly denied the reports about Charest (I am not that), as he allowed privately, but he did not intend to know what he discussed with Paré at meetings in Ottawa, and during his days at "private" time. Trudeau planned in France after his meeting with Giscard d'Es-

tienne possible that Trudeau recently has made up his mind to leave office and to move to a high-profile, television-style role, job, with the backing of the British and French, although his close associates doubt that he plans to resign. Merleford denying that he had urged Trudeau to quit for Macleod's "I would not urge the prime minister to step down unless there is a clear substitute in front of me." I don't see anybody.

That may come as a shock to Toronto lawyer John Turner, but it is a view shared by many elected or aspiring Liberals here. Says one credible, reflecting the whimsical mood: "I'd much rather take the election with Trudeau and keep the party intact than to make the cynical move: bring in Oct 14 Eyes, and then leave to Joe Clark anyway. The cynic of tomorrow night will work however. A Gallup poll reported at week's end that with Turner as leader, the Liberals would be favored over Clark's Conservatives by 44-39 per cent.

Robert Lewis with correspondents' files

# From the Cabbage Patch to Rideau Hall



By Judith Timson

When the doors of the Cabbage Patch invade Rideau Hall, those royal walls may well bear the first fruit of the subject: Tobias Schreyer, aged 39, much enjoys enjoying his home (sometimes one backwards) on any available surface, the major plan in his eyes often being that he will be able to distinguish down-burns, slightly-wet walls from bright-lights. Upon Canada Governor-General's mansion walls. This is a kid who can't open any protocol, let alone follow it. "Can you imagine?" groans Lily Schreyer, flanking a charming smile at some disastrous art work as the kitchen wall of the Schreyers'

Kermit, Lisa and Jason Schreyer (Tobias left) came, with their parents in 1968 then came in a following victory

cheat, plotted against (which Schreyer himself named the Cabbage Patch) on the outskirts of Winnipeg. The writing on the wall was not, alas, the kind that could have foretold the stunning impact on the nation—and on his own family—of the news that Edward Schreyer had just been appointed Governor-General. A reserved, sometimes mad man whose wife and four



and the decision was sent back to cabinet. Pearson saw to it that more abolitionists ended the need of cabinet, and the death sentence was commuted.

In most recent years under McInnes's tenure, the Queen visited the Governor-General to represent the monarchy abroad. As a result, McInnes's tenure was held by a day in 1971 when he was needed to attend the 2,500th anniversary of the founding of the first New England. He consulted with the Queen, who told him she was not going and he had to keep her place.

There have been at least 65 governors and governors general (General or General) in the last 100 years of the British Empire. The last of them was both a Governor and a Governor-General. Viscount Mackenzie, who was appointed in 1981 and regarded as a Father of Confederation. In the summer months Mackenzie lived at his home at Rideau Hall to his office on Parliament Hill by long boat, named by Royal Navy blueprints. The Mackenzies were not impressed with their surroundings and when Lady Mackenzie wrote published her diary. My Canadian Friends she noted himself "very disgusted with the old hall at Ottawa."

One of the major issues involving governors general concerns the Duke of Windsor, and his life in exile. On a last trip to Winnipeg he fell into a fire of

children are widely considered to be his only emotional infirmities, Schreyer was particularly touched when his 14-year-old daughter, Kermit, offered her support. "If that's what Daddy really wants."

That proposition was just an entrapment for those familiar of a much more formal basis with Schreyer as the past premier of Manitoba and one of Ontario's

provinces. Ed McInnes, at this moment, a popular politician from a party with a healthy skepticism toward the monarchy, really went to Schreyer himself in the pomp and ceremony of the vice-regal life in Canada, offering up Governor-Generalities instead of hard-nosed political speeches is a rare feat. It was by definition, pompous? Schreyer, in a private interview with Maclean's a few hours after his appointment, seemed bothered by the recent suggestion that there would be anything stuffy about what he was doing. "The last two governor-generals were certainly not pompous and I won't be the last to serve in it." He promised to be a travelling Governor-General, "the kind you'll see him in Ottawa and more towns like Corner Brook and Meadowview."

There may be little in Schreyer's background to recommend him as a traditional Governor-General, but there is much to suggest that he could well be an up-to-date reflection of the Canadian cultural mosaic. Born in Breslau (48 miles northwest of Winnipeg) to Russian Catholic parents of

Politician Schreyer pining a straight Toronto (left) and signing NDP Voters in inevitable crisis of being

German extraction, he was raised on a farm, developed into a crackball player (he once thought of turning pro) and, as a career, scholar. He moved to Canada through the University of Manitoba, earning four degrees before going on to teach political science and international relations at his alma mater. He considers his academic career "not irrelevant" to the job he now begins.



## When the G-G was Queen for a day

Some things for Ed Schreyer to anticipate: 129,027 people to entertain, 100 royal visits, 222 speeches on numerous occasions (including as Throne Speeches). Wednesday nights with Prince Trudeau and Prince Charles, if not Prince John, and a daily routine to Her Majesty on the state of the Dominion in those troubled times. Well, that's how it was for Edward (Philip) Schreyer in his second year of his tenure. McInnes, now 76, the white and already elegant 20th Governor-General from 1967 to 1974 did it three times—and he jugged a mile and a half a day, took dogfighting stunts with children at Government House and made it there a byword with pomp and ceremony.

It has been a long tradition for the Governor-General to mix on a regular basis with his. Given they were once a week, meetings, but if it depends on how the he has got on Trudeau, his distance during those weekly meetings and perhaps partly because of Governor-General John Unger's illness, never had a close relationship with Schreyer's predecessor nor did he for that matter with McInnes. It is expected that because of his close friendship, he will be continuing more with Schreyer.

McInnes' political stance. Professor James Mackenzie notes that Mackenzie King over-estimated by his black models during the years would place urgent calls to Governor-General Lord Alton, and the two would sit over cups of tea while King poured out his worries. "The Mackenzie was certainly better than consulting the medium."

But while the Governor-General takes their six low occasions where he now visits, direct in government. On such recent interference by a G-G goes back to the early 1960s under Lester Pearson's government. It was when cabinet signed a death sentence, but Governor-General Georges Vanier refused to sign the order.



Mackenzie, depicted with the aquid look

and he left except for the right in the morning, a guard of honor and a crowd of Winnipeggers waited in the winter cold to greet the G-G. But they had to wait longer than expected. The duke's death had been liquidated.

The official tenure of office (his normal tenure is five years and may be extended) was held by Lord Durham (for five months) in 1848. He resigned after a quarrel with Governor General, but not so, he wrote in the more significant appointments. He left a lasting, belated report, the Durham Report, which brought about the union of Upper and Lower Canada in 1841 and led to the larger union in 1867.

One of the last known historical accidents involved Governor-General Lord Dufferin in 1926. Mackenzie King, then prime minister, came out of an election with fewer parliamentary seats than the Tories under Arthur Meighen. But King remained in office—he had the right, only Parliament men—and the Progressives, as third party, agreed to support him. By June, however, a customs scandal broke and King went to Dufferin asking for an election so he wouldn't have to face a vote of confidence in Parliament. Dufferin was called in telephone to take over as prime minister. Dufferin refused to take King's advice, instead a crisis called the "Smyking Thing," and an election in which King used Dufferin's name to win a decisive majority and to

envisaged effectively the government's making power of all succeeding governor-general.

But that crisis had nothing on what has passed in 1975 in Australia where Governor-General Sir John Kerr surprisingly, but apparently constitutionally, dissolved the Labor government of Edward Gough Whitlam. The apparatus of federal Canada party had blocked Whitlam's budget in the Senate where it had a majority, thus forcing to leave Whitlam to call an election instead. Whitlam called on Sir John to get his formal approval to call a half-senate election (change things happen down under) and the G-G said: "You are no longer prime minister—I am withdrawing your



G-G Viscount Mackenzie survives generation

commission." Sir John dissolved both houses of parliament, appointed a caretaker government until a general election and, as a result, there were elections and then voted democratically in support of Whitlam (who has now withdrawn from politics) and Sir John was bedazzled with eggs and abuse.

There have been no such questions in Canada between governor-general and prime minister. But there have been a few blunders of discontent over Dufferin's, the government's proposed constitutional amendment. The protests started when Trudeau's constitution substituted the words "Governor General" for "Queen." It shall be left for the Governor-General to make laws. That, Trudeau replied, does nothing more than formalize longstanding practice and the government reminded that one no less than Her Majesty had approved of the change.

It is a change that Mackenzie approaches cautiously. "There's always been a development in these things," he told Mackenzie last week. The trend has been to enlarge the function and role of the Governor-General. But there are limits, which he makes a constitutional decision is a reasonable and prudent one. But there is a limit to the transfer of responsibility representing the Crown. I think we have to clean up the antiquities." Enter Ed Schreyer.

Warren Gorman/Johanne Lohreche





Minister Lou Handman, quickly declared the message simply a request for federal assistance, impressively worded because it had been written in haste.

No one was about to let the Tories off that easily. Opposition leaders attacked the government as racist, fat, arrogant, insensitive and "cheerful" as a province that "by the end of the year will have come to \$7 billion in general revenue surplus, including the Heritage Trust fund." In Ottawa, MPs marvel because Alberta couldn't manage to squeeze \$60 despatch notes into its rich 255,000 square miles. Editorial writers across the country lambasted the Louped government for its "sheepish" response.

The Ventanense came home before the provincial government was finished taking its bows from critics over Louped's admission that he'd accepted free airline passes from Air Canada and "about once a year" since he took office in 1971, the latest freebie being a November jacket to Hawaii with his wife, Jeanne. The premier was eventually backed into promising he wouldn't do it again, but with his field day with his earnest statement that he felt Alberta "would want me, wherever I could, to get a decent break." Finally last week his office announced he had paid the airlines in full for his jaunts—\$9,000.

Louped isn't up to such shenanigans. The opportunity in a 75-seat legislature is a miserable size man deliquescent: the Alberta media, perhaps weary of Social Credit's 26-year reign, has been described as acquiescent—

most lately in a sponging biography of Louped excerpted this month in Calgary magazine. Government watchdogs are beginning to suspect that Louped is uncertain about the next round in his long term goals: economic diversification, full value for resources, more favorable tariff and transport conditions. Louped, in fact, has dropped his "beyond deadline for saving the Alberta economy off its oil and gas resources. He has even conceded that secondary enterprise is limited by population and distance from markets, an admission that comes on the heels of speculation that Alberta's potentially constrained, multibillion-dollar petrochemical industry is precariously close to toppling.

Bad enough that the experts all agree there will be a downturn in Alberta's business recovery, federal fiscalist relations haven't gone well either. Alberta has just had to forgo the \$1-a-barrel increase in the price of oil slated for Jan. 1. The federal government also proposed that the price of natural gas no longer be pegged at 85 per cent of the price of oil and decided to reduce a tax rebate for private utility companies, a move particularly harmful to Alberta. The Edmonton Journal, in a front page editorial, newspaperishly advised Louped to start behaving more like a Canadian and less like a punchball politician. However, the federal offensive has fed many Albertans' paranoia and are seen as a deliberate attempt to cut Alberta down to size—perhaps

in preparation for a federal election. Louped, meanwhile, has his own election to worry about. He goes into what is expected to be a spring campaign with one-third of his cabinet gone, retiring for reasons ranging from age to federal ambitions. His leader Grant Niaty is moving triumphantly. With a record membership of 7,000, Niaty is predicting the air will wipe out the records and second them in the legislature as the official opposition. However, as Alberta politics, that's the last Louped's opponents can hope for. Alberta has a tradition of sweeping the voters into power: since 1966, voters have rarely even been so daring as to elect a coherent opposition. But the way things have been going for Louped and his Conservatives lately, who needs outside assistance? Suzanne Zwargen

## Quebec

### The language law deletes a Claus

For the first time in 62 Christmas Santa Claus does not hold court in Quebec's downtown Montreal department store. Instead, the city's youngsters whisper growls into the ear of Père Noël. The reason: Quebec language law has plugged the cheesiness to the single apparition of old Saint Nick and the very name of Claus is banned from commercial advertising.

Throughout the province, Christmas come-on and toy displays are in French only, but the law, which has applied to such in-store publicity since last July, is merely part of the explanation for the new commercial life of Quebec. Well before the language legislation, many retailers, including Eaton's, started treating Quebec consumers as a separate market with its own tastes and preferences for things Québécois. The Toronto-based chain dropped the apostrophized "s" from its name to achieve greater French consciousness, and right from its opening—a year before the

GEOFF HODGE



Porti Québec, election—the Quebec City Eaton was as thoroughly French as her Acadian neighbors. The accompanying flag chain is changing its name in Quebec to La Baie, another familiar store name. S.S. Kresge Company—remains unchanged, but it has long been patronized by customers who pronounce it "Kredge," as one might expect. The drive to gradually retail practices means agreeable change for a people so used to English labelling that they long ago developed a habit of ignoring product instructions. Now, the Office de la Langue Française is en-

gaging hard to change that habit and convince consumers to read the mode d'emploi. Surprisingly, Quebec's anglophone minority is accepting its first Noël à la Française with equanimity. Both Status and La Baie report only a handful of complaints from English speakers resentful that their familiar logos have gone the way of candles on Christmas trees.

Anglophones, in fact, have shown admirable success in turning Quebec's nationalism to profit. Four years ago, a group of Montreal garment men saw the market potential of Quebec patro-

The label says it's superior rum.  
The taste confirms it.



## Survival of the featheriest

Lubador egg producer George Crawford is firm, get his message across in a hurry. When Crawford sat his 4500 birds down to tell volume of chicken laid a day, the whistling birds responded by cutting their egg production in half. And when Crawford realized them to his reasons, the hens barely work back to laying eggs at all again. It was written on agricultural expert not a case for the humane Society. When Crawford was calmly running out of food after freeze-up came early on the Lubador cold and his supply ship couldn't make it through the ice. For a fortnight the birds laid a lake volume then hunger until last last week when a military Hercules military transport raised into Goose Bay airport with 120 tons of food, saving the chickens (even Crawford's sex)—and saving 4,000 chickens of neighboring Happy Valley from a winter without fresh eggs. When Crawford got the news that he had been getting away from happy until again to cracked. These

chickens are going to have Christmas with to eat instead of the people in less perils during them. Crawford, whose hens knock out 200 dozen eggs a day when they're on his ration, says he's been losing a month ago when he'd 100 a supply coasted. I got the grain into a cage-bird in time to feed winter to Lubador so the birds was

shipped by rail to Goose Bay airport where it sat. When Crawford received for help. Eggs, laid on, and the hundreds of happy valley who depend on his hens for their breakfasts all year round. Shirley Blake, of Blake's Grocery in Happy Valley, wanted her nose as the thought of the alternative. Eggs coming in from the outside by air are always stinky, rotten broken



We need George's fresh eggs. Not to mention the savings. Blake's sits eggs at \$1.49 to \$1.79 a dozen depending on size. Crawford gets \$1.39 to \$1.49 and he's in. Outside eggs delivered in would push the cost above \$2 a dozen for those ungrateful cold storage eggs. The problem was that Crawford couldn't afford the \$25,000 it was going to cost to fly the feed in to Goose Bay (400 miles northwest of Goose) commercially. So he decided that either he let his hens starve to death, he'd have to top their heads off instead. He credits his life. When William Rumpsey for staying the last. Bill Rumpsey called me first or last times and told me to hold off Crawford lives. He said he was working on the problem.

Crawford argued that this federal government can order a plane to fly anywhere in the world to help people who are in trouble. Why can't they fly one plane in here to help me? The plane worked. Rumpsey got to Transport Minister Odo Long, who got to Defence Minister Bernard Denson, who got the Hercules airborne. Crawford's flock was saved and he did not have to turn off his lights into chicken darkness, which would have put him out of business.

Robert Plankin





democratic socialist ideas of Eugene Debs. Despite her father's vow to drag her off the platform "by her braids," Golda became an independent street corner speaker for the Zionist cause, and joined the Poale Zion, a small, Yiddish-speaking faction of the secular American Labor Zionist Organization.

She showed her characteristic fear for action when, in 1923, she set sail for Palestine in the third ship, or wave, of immigration, when there were only 50,000 Jews living there. "Since I believed in Zionism, the building up of a Jewish homeland, I couldn't imagine myself staying in Milwaukee," she told Moshe's son in a 1977 interview. Later, in a passionate debate about the move, her husband of four years, Morris Myerson, a Denver sign painter (She took the name Meir, a Hebrewized version of Myerson meaning "liberation," years after 1948, when the couple separated).

Their partnership rapidly became a ménage à trois, with Golda's public life the jealous rival that demanded more and more of her time. To the end she agonized about the two children who

Balfour Declaration, which supported the establishment of a Jewish homeland in Palestine. Arabs were bitterly opposed to the declaration and to Jewish immigration, and outbreaks of violence were particularly common from 1922 to 1928, and again from 1936 until the outbreak of the Second World War.

The 1930s and '40s were a tumultuous period, as Israel aspired toward independence in the face of renewed Arab hostility and British intransigence. Golda Meir faced an protest for 101 hours and persuaded other leaders to follow suit until the British released the Jewish refugee ship they had delayed in Italy. In 1948 she joined the U.S. cabinet for the relief for Israel, and, disguised as an Arab woman, she sneaked into Jordan to meet King Abdullah, but could not allow Arab opposition to the emerging Israeli state.

Her work, and the struggles of her colleagues, paid off when the new nation was proclaimed on May 14, 1948. In September, she became Israel's first ambassador to the Soviet Union, where she ran the embassy like a kibbutz, tak-

ing turns at the dishes with anyone else. She was deeply stirred by the tumultuous welcome given her by 50,000 Soviet Jews when she went to a synagogue on the Jewish New Year—the crowd murmured around her, as if trying to forget years of Stalinist terror in a celebration of nationalism.

Directed to the first Knesset in 1949, she returned home to the post of minister of labor and social insurance in David Ben-Gurion's government, a job she held for seven years—"the happy days," she would say in the mid-American era when she never lost. It was "something to me far," providing employment and housing for the hundreds of thousands of immigrants from Romania, Hungary, the Yemen and, of course, from the death camps of Nazi Europe.

Ben-Gurion passed the foreign affairs portfolio to her in 1950 and called her "the only one in my cabinet" whom he supported his most vocalists against Arab attacks. One of her most bitter tasks came with the Suez crisis of



As foreign minister with John Diefenbaker in 1962, the ambassador warned the dishes.

1957 when she had to stand before the United Nations and declare that Israel would follow the great powers' demand to withdraw her troops after a victorious sweep through the Sinai peninsula.

Golda Meir's heaviest political burden was put on her, however. In February, 1969, Levi Eshkol, who had succeeded Ben-Gurion as prime minister in 1963, died of a heart attack, and she accepted the job—but only after long, strong persuasion by her colleagues.

The new prime minister—confirmed

in the 1969 general election—quickly became preoccupied with the tattered, geriatric 70-year-old. She visited President Richard Nixon to ask for new armaments, and in 1969 urged her cabinet to accept an American proposal for a limited ceasefire with the United Arab Republic (Egypt).

She was publicly criticized, however, for pursuing Nixon's efforts in South-east Asia in 1969, and a year later for

repudiating direct talks with Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser. Critics claimed she was giving Israel a bad review, to which Meir retorted: "It was hard to have a choice between being dead and perished, and being alive with a bad image, we'd rather be alive and have the bad image."

Later in 1971, Meir eluded a strong commitment of support from Nixon as Egypt's year-end deadline of "peace or war" came and went peacefully even though Cairo's negotiating demands had not been met. Israeli confidence was further buoyed by successful strikes against Palestinian guerrillas in Syria and Lebanon.

Then came the shocker. Sadat confounded the experts by launching the 1973 Yom Kippur War—cleverly timed with Syria's surprise attack—and sent Israeli soldiers fleeing back to the Sinai Peninsula, the clutches of the dauntless Israeli fighters and the dauntless Arabs were amazed for good. The Israelis recovered quickly from their initial setbacks, but the nation was shocked by the high casualties—2,000 dead—and that their wanted intelligence network had been caught spying.

"We didn't read our intelligence information right," said Golda Meir in 1974. However, in 1977 she told Moshe's "Eve before they began shooting it was already clear that it is a few hours they would begin." She said.



Begin in Oslo: Where is the baby?

The only way to break—or waiting to be delivered by a Washington mediator. As U.S. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance heads here to Cairo for working talks with Sadat, the news due to see Begin who planned to cut short his Oslo stay for Golda Meir's funeral, on Tuesday, the word from the White House was that President Jimmy Carter was ready to call a second Camp David summit in a conciliatory effort to get the peace talks back on track.

The dispute both down how to two men assess what happens if Egypt has to choose one day between its commitment to peace with Israel and its obligations of solidarity with Syria. Jordan or Saudi Arabia? And how can Sadat prove to his Arab critics that he is not betraying the Palestinian cause by making a separate deal with Israel?

Begin was expected to agree to a second summit at Carter's halfway point, called, Israeli Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan is on record as believing that it is a necessary step. But Vance was expected to have a much harder job persuading Sadat to attend. Certainly no one in Oslo is expected to live on a solution by Dec. 17. The chances for a breakthrough came. David. On that account at least the world, like Golda Meir, seemed destined to be disappointed.

Eric Silver, William Lovitt



Meir with Sadat in 1977, and in younger years she conversed at US dinners and talked to protest Dutch food-shipping.

paid so high a price for her political career. "You can get to anything if you have to, even to feeling personally guilty," she once wrote later.

After two years at the Kibbutz Merhavia, Morris Myerson decided that he had had enough of picking almonds in the marshy, malaria-infested region, where summer was served daily with such meals. The family moved to Tel Aviv, where Golda studied Hebrew and Arabic and took a job with the Israel Labor Federation (Histadrut). Her reputation as an able, indefatigable worker soon led to more responsibility.

Her second husband began at a time when Israel badly needed dedicated workers, for the tiny community faced bitter neighbors despite the League of Nations' 1938 implementation of the



## The case of the premature prize

In the end she didn't make it. While Anwar Sadat went to Jerusalem last week, his adversary Golda Meir told her

The beginning that you have made must go on so that even an old lady like I can feel to see the day of peace between you and us. "As for food here, I don't have a local phrase. From one way it was hurtled both by the dish of Golda Meir and by a series of unhelped business. The day's order struck almost a year ago at Israel—where the two governments began and Israel Prime Minister Menachem Begin, met for their first joint Jerusalem talks in a well-known—continue to echo in the grey corridors of diplomacy.

Not coincidentally that all that was on the table. The \$145,000 prize, out the seat on his invitation from quanta chairman to world declaration. There he was in ice-pure, high-temperature Norway. A leader of King Olaf V's has own way of the royal police. All purple and scarlet. If Sadat chose to stay away that was his lookout. The prize minister of Israel, a public, bold figure in dark suit and dark tie, would be here for the first time the Gray parade, the Israelis

Angelo Pavesi, the defense, the good would be the day and the evening. But even before Golda Meir's death the address was rising and rising in Israel—including the influential morning paper *Haaretz*—believed that Begin should have followed Sadat's example. Anwar Keren, an Israeli, Israeli politician and journalist, argued on television that what the people of Israel wanted and deserved is Israeli peace of Begin's was not peace prize but peace deal. "Where is the baby?" he demanded.

that she delayed getting in the first blow so that her Western allies would not desert her as a warmonger—a decision that cost many Israeli lives. "It wasn't a nice decision. It was not an easy decision to take, but it's a decision that I have not regretted."

The beginnings may have been clouded by confusion, but the result was clear—the war led to Golda Meir's resignation in 1974. Her Labor Party colleagues demanded the resignation of Defense Minister Moshe Dayan as well, and the backbiting and warring between factions that followed was too much for the 78-year-old leader. She went out with a parting shot at the new generation of politicians: "In my day [it wasn't possible to accept a party function and still carry on propaganda against the party. Today, whoever does this] the party leadership is considered as being wrong. For me, movement discipline is a sacred matter." And then, "I have come to the end of the road. It is beyond my strength to continue carrying the burden."

The remarkable generation of founding fathers (and mothers) had run its course, the last of "the giants" was gone. And despite Meir's profane nature, her going was not widely mourned by the new breed of Israelis who found her ways old-fashioned. One newspaper making the rounds at the time was, "How would Americans feel if Herbert Hoover were still running the country?"

The old generation was blamed for most of Israel's ills. After the war, peace was pursued and services declined, and Meir's popularity dropped sharply. Her emphasis on foreign policy had left certain domestic problems in fester, such as the dissatisfaction of the Oriental Jews, who complained of being treated as second-class citizens. But for most of her five years as prime minister she was the unquestioned leader, as she opened the way for some Soviet Jews to immigrate to Israel, strengthened the country's ties with the U.S. and set up contacts with Jewish communities around the world.

Her strengths and political instincts—shaped by conflict and the cold threat of the homeland's annihilation—were those of a fighter, not a diplomat. It was her fate to govern in an age when Jewish nationalism as a force seemed as vibrant as the energy the factions had in common. The old, simple, Sabra days were over. She knew that well but in recognizing the fact, she the activist she was, she went too far. "One of the difficulties I don't have in mind the part-time player that I have lived in Israeli history," she told one interviewer. That may have been one of the least accurate assessments she ever made.

Michael Chabon

The U.S.

## Carter's hocus-pocus of death

The descriptions of the weapons tests like a fantasy from the wider realm of nightmare. The costs defied perspective. And as President Jimmy Carter revealed his second consecutive year-end defense budget last week, it seemed more and more that, like the sorcerer's apprentice, he could not control the magic.

The actual figure put forward by America's defense planners is \$24 billion for 1980, 16 billion more than for 1979 and 2.5 times Canada's total federal budget this year. What is more, the White House is already predicting that by 1985 defense spending will have risen to \$31.7 billion and may be more.

The reason is that the president is committing himself now to weapons that will have to be paid for then. These

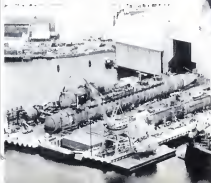
include the MX blockbuster missile system, which alone will cost \$40 billion. More billions will go on the cruise missile he has chosen over the B-1 bomber, cancelled last year but now seen clearly as only a short-term saving. Moreover, the budget contains the needs of astronomical spending late in the next decade. It includes research railroads—the exact same is classified—the missile-deploying my weapons, which scientists say could revolutionize the art of war.

They will be of two basic types: those using high-energy laser beams and those incorporating a beam of atomic particles such as the electrons that comprise a lightning bolt. When they

traced electrons before changing the path, all but a pinch in the price



F-15 jets, and the SM-1 test, Washington power for a bigger bang with B-124 before, aircraft's appearance in a jet?



come into being, the philosophy of deterrence by "mutual assured destruction" (the balance of terror) will be obsolete. Missiles launched from ships, underground sites or submarines will be detected and destroyed almost instantaneously by satellites carrying the weapons.

There is some speculation in the intelligence agencies in Washington that the Soviet Union as a whole of the U.S. is researching particle-beam weapons. Some believe the Soviets are already testing nuclear explosions on a power source at Soviet sites, where some powerful underground explosions are said to have taken place this year.

The size of the power pulse needed by beam weapons can be gauged at from an estimate of the cost of shooting down an ballistic missile with a single

## Neglect, benign or otherwise, is still neglect

Is the United States becoming too distracted or misdirected by the web of superpower and domestic considerations which it is caught? That is what a number of European and Canadian allies and partners were wondering after last week's NATO ministerial meeting in Brussels.

After having made a relatively good but not impressive impression on friendly nations since taking office, the Carter administration has been showing signs of faltering in the delicate task of keeping those relations on an even keel while concentrating on more complex and increasing international and internal issues. That is the same dilemma that so bedeviled Harry Truman, and his policy of foreign neglect

looked even more badly before he finally died. It was only by last weekend meeting that the feeling was widespread last week.

But U.S. shortcomings in the political as well as economic field got in through examination.

The events pointed at the subsequent meeting of Atlantic Alliance foreign ministers across town in Paris a question mark. While there was little hint of criticism or challenge in the diplomatic declarations issued after those meetings and plenipotentiaries did not show their displeasure at Washington.

German Defense Minister Hans Apel started the discussions by telling his European colleagues to get together in order to reduce the expanded transatlantic trade in military weapons. The Europeans for years have felt the cost of a common market for the big American weapons manufacturers.

Still, in the new direction, however, along with the new deal, there was a match the Warsaw Pact's defense effort, might be seriously undermined if there was as much as the current feeling of it. Washington should acknowledge plans to increase or at least to increase its part of the burden.

The members also found it curious that few American colleagues David Vance was free to attend because he was preparing for a crucial visit to the Middle East. But that he did that it possible to permit through London to deliver a speech on "Europe to Egypt and Israel." It was the last time in memory that an American secretary of state had bypassed the alliance meeting.

The tradition was highlighted by the fact that Europeans have had no clear guidelines on the American alliance toward a subject that is crucial to them—whether the United States is moving toward recognizing every part of the nuclear umbrella protecting Europe. There have been increasing indications at that from the bilateral U.S.-Soviet talks.

All parties hoped that they could avoid the deadlock. That characterized that spring's vacillation and eventual American action in proceeding with the neutron bomb that the treaty prohibits in Brussels that the U.S. is engaged in a period of policy flexibility and that its partners must develop their own solutions to problems that in the past had frequently been left to Washington.

And the Carter team was doing, with the main problem and it could be said to be the failure to establish a common meeting of the European Community that preceded the NATO talks and which considered Europe's defense against the danger of a nuclear attack from the American side. The summit left the rest of its members plan to set up its own command and control, Italy and Britain opted out for the time being at least.

On the other hand he must also consider the lobbying tactics of those re-

solved. The very people who are telling him that the Soviet Union may be ahead in developing the latest weapons belong to the "city-state" of the industrial complex. They believe in rigorous defense spending the way most other folk believe in membership, and they are quite capable of trying to scare their chief executive into taking their side.

Indeed, over the past few weeks there

have been at least half a dozen calculated leaks. Among the most imaginative was a report, believed to have originated with U.S. defense officials, that Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev, now 72 and in poor health, may ship down early next year. No one knows who the leaker was. No one will say the military men's current behavior favors political veteran Andrei Kirilenko, 55, at least as a temporary measure, if the U.S. should be as strong as possible. It is a plausible enough argument, except that Brezhnev has been in ill health for some time now and has shown a notable reluctance to meet.

A more powerful personality in the debate about the defense budget is Carter's commitment to NATO (see box on page 36). In 1977 he urged the NATO allies to increase their commitment by at least three per cent, pledging a similar increase in U.S. military spending. To keep that promise—and keep the overall spending on defense down to \$134 billion—Carter would have to cut into his domestic spending. Services that mostly benefit poor ghetto-communities would suffer.

Some of his key political advisers, including chief aide Ronaldine Jordan, Press Secretary Judy Powell, image formulator Gerald Rifehouse and National Security adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski are urging him to go that way. They argue that the mood of the country has turned conservative and military concerns. But Stuart Eizenstat, Carter's assistant for domestic affairs, and officials of the Office of Management and Budget are opposing the increase. They say that the social cutbacks it will cause will cost a lot of votes in 1980.

General can get out of the dilemma by cutting back by about a billion dollars. This would allow him to increase America's NATO commitment by three percent and up the over-all budget by 1.5 per cent. Just what that will buy is a secret. But some of the major items are known: one of the largest single amounts, \$1.1 billion, will go to buy a Trident submarine, \$1.6 billion for a conventionally powered aircraft carrier, \$1 billion for 60 F-15 supersonic fighters, and as yet unknown millions on new SAM tanks.

It seems ironic that a loose new budget should coincide with reports that the U.S. and the Soviet Union are close to a new SALT agreement—freeing the numbers of strategic nuclear weapons that each side holds. But without heavy defense spending, Carter would have little chance of getting a SALT agreement through the Senate. When it comes to weapons, Capitol Hill insists on being more equal than others. And you need to be more than an apprentice sorcerer to control that kind of power.

William London

With them I am there



I SURVIVED  
THE RECALL  
OF 1978

## The US

## The mayor in the bulletproof vest

The cry of Cleveland is fancies, among other things, for its baseball team and its symbolic anthem. But on Dec 13 it may achieve a sense of reality not—as the first United States city to default since the Depression II—at attempt to postpone disaster last week Mayor Dennis Kucinich, 35, said he was going to fire 400 police and firemen from the city's already undermanned departments. But most informed sources say that, at best, the plan would gut off the inevitable for a few weeks, while leaving the citizens at greater risk from crime and fire.

It is not, in fact, the \$155 million in notes due on Dec. 15 that is at the root of Cleveland's problems. It is Dennis "The Menner" Kuznetz himself, the young and inexperienced colleague he has appointed to key jobs and the rivalry between them and the city's septuagenarian.

Kuennach and his 35-year-old finance director, Joe Tugreene, have so outraged the financial community over the past year that the banks may not be willing to extend the city's credit—and even if they do, there's another \$20 million in short-term notes due next year. More

over, there's no chance of raising the money through bonds. Moody's Investors' Services Inc., a leading bond-rating agency, has just dropped the city's credit rating one more notch from an already below-investment grade to an even more disastatous B.

As bankruptcy approaches, however, the mayor and his council continue to spite each other. The council won't consider the mayor's plan to sell off city-owned land. The mayor refuses to discuss the council's idea to sell its indebted municipal light plant, which is under court order anyway to repay \$5.5 million it still owes the privately owned Cleveland Electric Illuminating Co. "The chickens have come home to roost," says council member Walter Reed Hanes. "I hate to say it, but I think the city will be under the control of a receiver by the end of the year."

Part of the municipal water system already is, and last summer 49,973 Cleveland citizens attempted a recall vote to get Kucynski out of office. But he persuaded people that he was the victim of big-business pressure groups and squeaked home (by just 236 votes).

Meanwhile, the entire school board has been cited for contempt of court for refusing to desegregate schools—and racial violence is more than likely early next year when court-ordered busing goes into effect. To add indignity to illegality, the 27-year-old school board president has been fined \$125 for disorderly conduct after flashing his bare behind out the back window of a car.

Kaczynich and wife, after recall vote: boys' day in city hall has the men screaming

The city council's powerful black president, George Forbes, and five other members have been indicted on charges of accepting kickbacks from neighborhood carnival operators and Kammah has taken to wearing a bullet-proof vest because he thinks someone is "out to get me." Little wonder that many Cleveland residents now look back on the farcical tenure of former mayor Ralph Perk—he once set his hair afire with a welding torch—as the good old days.

William Lowther

William Lowther

## Belgium

### A slight problem of communication

Schaerbeek is a commune of Brussels, while Schaerbeek is a commune of Bruxelles.\* That may appear to be information that most people can do without. But when the Quebec government delegation in the Belgian capital failed to make that distinction last week, it landed them right in the middle of Belgium's linguistic war.

The Quebecers accepted an invitation from the local *speakers' bureau*—which involves itself in commercial promotion—to bring their travelling exhibition of the province's arts and crafts to Schreiber (or Schreiber) town hall. The trouble arose because Quebec officials who were on hand to answer queries spoke only French and none of the labels on exhibits carried French translations.

Any way else, the Quebecer's ship would have passed unnoticed. But Scheerbeck happens to be the symbol of Flemish grievances against the French-speaking section of the population. Brussels, supposedly a bilingual island in and Flemish territory, is becoming a French-speaking city. And in Scheerbeck, where this process has already largely taken place, some of the officials in the language war took place back in 1970. So the Quebecer's lapse was interpreted as direct support for Scheerbeck's culture-fraught Mayor Roger Nolin and his French Democratic Front. French-speakers

The matter was raised in the Belgian parliament by Luk Van Stronckhe, MD, a deputy for the equally strident Flemish nationalist party, Volksunie. How would they like it if we came over there and staged a presentation using only English, he asked. Van Stronckhe also

<sup>2</sup> Schenckel und Bräuer als Partner und  
als Schenckel und Bräuer als Partner

hinted at a darker side to the Quebecers' action: "We have not forgotten the agitation caused by secret francophone agents seven years ago," he said, and asked how much Brigas government money had gone into the Quebec exhibition.

He did not get much of an answer from the government benches. But Christopher Mallone, in the Quebec promotion office in Brussels, later said "We knew Schaerbeck was a tricky place. But if we had not accepted we would have been accused by the other side of selling them out." *Financial* says

talians to the exhibition were sent out and "we were careful to make it clear we did not want to get involved in any political or linguistic problems."

That, however, is hard to do in a country that has had almost 25 governments since the war, most of them failing because of their inability to solve the language problem. The government of Lieke Martens fell a few weeks ago because of it, and the one that will be stitched together from the patchwork of linguistic/religious/political parties after a Dec. 17 general election will probably meet a similar fate. **PHILIP GREEN**

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## The sins of a father and son

It was a crime without precedent in the records of Rome's previous courts: a 16-year-old boy accused of murdering his father. But as Mario Caruso began a nine-year jail sentence last week, shocked Italians were debating the justice of a case that throws undulating light on a nation with a firm reputation for shielding its children.

The story of Mario, as outlined to the court, was not atypical in most of its details of the flawless concrete suburbs of Rome. There Mario was conceived in violence and with his mother and brothers and sisters subjected to regular, merciless beatings by his father, who trained him to be a small-time thief. To get away from such ill treatment, the boy ran away 33 times. But on each occasion he was sent back home for further punishment. No social worker ever intervened who he continued to escape. Finally, trapped and friendless, he pumped five bullets into his father.

The case served to underline the concern of Italian jurists about the state of the country's child welfare legislation on the eve of 1979—designated by the UN as International Children's Year. Lawyers meeting recently at Bari, near the southern Italian town of Alacanza where the notorious child shepherd's murder still takes place each year, agreed that progress in the establishment of children's rights had existed on paper rather than in fact.

Among the questions they considered was the case of Domenico Di Palo, a 14-year-old shepherd whose services had been "bought" at Alacanza and who hanged himself from a tree after being left alone to tend his flock for four weeks. The verdict: accidental death.

The law forbidding employment of children under 16 is widely flouted in southern Italy too. In a year, government inspectors found almost 3,000 underage children working in the industrial regions of Lombardy and Piedmont, and, on another plane, Italian law still discriminates between legitimate and illegitimate children, in defiance of the 20-year-old UN declaration that all children have equal rights before their parents.

The flare over the case of Mario seems likely to mean that he will not have to serve his full term. President Sandro Pertini, who has called for the court documents, is widely expected to pardon him after Christmas. But even



Mario Caruso: a national reputation for protecting children is slowly fading

then his exploitation will not be over. A film company which has been paying the family's legal expenses plans to story the boy to star in his own David Willey

## The U.S.

### Bad luck or just bad company?

The wheel of fortune came abruptly to a halt last week for Resorts International Hotel Inc., the gambling casino owners whose phenomenal rise to fortune this year has led stock market operators to a frenzy. State investigators in New Jersey alleged he has links to organized crime. They also

The buccard title: gambling on gambling



claimed that the Rank of New York had loaned \$12 million to Resorts for the development of its Atlantic City casino and had refused to permit them to check its files in Toronto. Scott McDevall, the bank's executive vice-president for international affairs, refused comment on customer relations. On the point of disclosure of files, however, he stated that all of the investigation queries had been answered within the context of the law.

The charges came in a strongly worded recommendation to the Casino Control Commission from New Jersey's attorney-general, John Grigas, that the state should drop a permanent injunction to Resorts. Grigas cited its business dealings with "unsuitable" persons—some with criminal convictions and others with alleged ties to organized crime, including Senator Meyer Lasker.

All this is not only a huge initial investment in New Jersey's only casino, but enormous daily profits from the gambling operation. Since opening this past May, Resorts has taken in a total of \$119.3 million, or more than \$600,000 a day. But an announcement of the charges, the company's stock plunged on the American exchange and trading was suspended.

Resorts took back an angry denial of the charges. But it now has a difficult time proving "the clear and convincing evidence" that it deserves a permanent license. The problem is its history. The corporate preference, the gamblers named Mary Carter Hunt Co. also had "unsuitable" contact problems. In fact, the Securities and Exchange Commission disclosed some of those contacts in connection with Mary Carter deals.

The Casino Control Commission says the earliest it can arrange hearings on the matter is Jan. 8. Until then, Resorts will continue to spin the wheel. Should Lady Luck continue to crown, however, a state-appointed conservator will take over until a verdict is found.

Catherine Fox

## Business

### A risk of a southward run



With four days left in the Carter administration's Dec. 8 deadline for bids to split Alaska oil, Potlatch Pipe Lines Ltd., partially owned by Alberta Gas Trunk Line Co. Ltd. of Calgary and Westcoast Transmission Co. Ltd. of Vancouver, last week announced a \$1-billion proposal to build Alaskan crude oil by tanker from Valdez to Seward, then construct a pipeline underground to Kay River, Alberta, and then back up with existing pipelines to U.S. Midwest refineries.

### Uncle Con's converted Victor

Three very long months ago Victor Con's Inc. president and chief operating officer of Canada's eighth largest industrial company, Mosley-Ferguson Ltd. and her to a promise that the bulk acquired plant would fully break even in the last three months of 1978. One of its most dismal years ever (Mosley-Ferguson Sept. 25) last week, following a major and widespread deterioration from the planned upswing early in the year, the industrial plant's losses—most recently one at Alton—have been or will be doled out. Victor Con had begun his conversion

Banking in the glory accorded men who have all the answers were Western Transmission President Edwin Phillips and senior Robert Blair. Phillips would meet Carter's deadline, they insisted at last week's press conference, by shipping the oil from an Alaskan port, thereby sidestepping lengthy Canadian environmental inquiries. Furthermore, the pipeline's section of the oil would split the gas pipeline owned of Potlatch Pipe Lines (Valdez) Ltd. is separate company owned by the

last two months of the year had \$145 million.

How, however, has a reputation to test and has launched into a corporate clean up that could lay to rest inquiries. Now that he was only looking for Mosley-Ferguson's conversion (who is rumored to be after control of Noranda Mines Ltd.) as a result, both Mosley's North American general manager and his North American director of finance are no longer with the company. A massive corporate reorganization to complete and contribute Mosley's financial and operational and moral recovery under way and a number of the industrial plant's losses—most recently one at Alton—have been or will be doled out. Victor Con had begun his conversion

Ian Brown

stern general, a move that should not ground up from under environmentalists, since the Alaska Highway gas pipeline corridor has already been approved by federal regulations.

What Phillips and Blair didn't mention is that the timing of their press conference may have been bumped up considerably by the approaching deadline and mounting evidence that rival Kilbuck Pipe Line Ltd. in planning to renege its own proposal to the 1978 RIA's plans for routing oil tanker from Valdez to Kilbuck and arguing it to Edmonton apparently weren't dead, just dormant, and Carter's new deadline has breathed new life into the mostly Canadian consortium KPL and has a new senior shareholder—B.C.'s powerful Kaiser Resources Ltd.—which should stir a little private concern into the embarrassingly confident public posts of Phillips and Blair, who keep having their proposals been reversed; by both the Canadian and U.S. federal governments in talks that have taken place over the past six months.

To environmentalists, those assurances were the heartening spectre of tanker traffic and oil spills were as inevitable as the narrow goods of southern B.C. Unfortunately, conversion is an expedient thing. With B.C.'s unemployment rate at the rise, KPL's Vancouver office has been besieged with calls from desperate job-seekers following up even the slightest rumors about new pipeline construction anywhere along the West Coast from California to Alaska.

Samuel Forrester

### Correction

In its Dec. 4 issue, Mosley's published incorrect statements and unfounded rumors involving the operations and financial strength of Ayres and its affiliated companies. We regret our failure to support the suggestion that these companies are either financially sound or Mosley's regrets any business it may have caused to the Ayres's companies and their officers.



## People

If you think that person following actor **Shirley Maclaine** around last week lacked funniness, you're right: It was Canada's **Pierre Borne**, the 1963 World, North American and Canadian figure-skating champion. Borne, now 32 and a free-lance film researcher, was hired as Maclaine's personal assistant during the star's week-long song-and-dance stint at Toronto's O'Keefe Centre. "My job was to make things as easy as possible for her while she was here," said Borne, who slept in a room adjacent to Maclaine's suite and was on call 24 hours a day. Her tasks included screening Maclaine's phone calls, arranging meals, ordering cabs and making sure the star had oatmeal after her performance. Once a star in her own right, Borne was given the following advice when she accepted the work: "Don't take anything personally you hear in the next week."

By coming down hard on the online community in her recently published book, *The Dog Crave*, Toronto author **Ita Nowell** has been humbled by puppy lovers who are angry with her conclusions. Three years in the writing, the book deals with the problems of dog overpopulation and defecation and, in particular, takes aim at owners who let pets for resale human affection. "I'm had a huge response from people calling me dangerous and disturbed," said Nowell, once a dog-woman herself. "I think that if I wasn't a writer, I'd be in a rubber room right now." There's no truth to the rumor that Nowell is considering getting a guard dog to protect her from further onslaughts.

He died but not make Vancouver hotel detective **George Foden** do it—his "vigilante" did. Foden, who recently implicated two British Columbia judges in business with prostitution, said his motive for the bust was to have the laws on prostitution changed. While Chief Justice of the B.C. Court of Appeal **John Patten** resigned after Foden leaked his name to reporters, Provincial Court Judge **Eric Beaudet** underwent a humiliating inquiry which established him as an alcoholic driven to drink and then set in custody over his wife's crippling illness. Said the 36-year-old Foden of the affair: "What if he had been seen by someone other than me, someone with not quite my comprehension of life? Someone who might have done it only for the glory of bringing a judge down?"

By and large, the Maritimes major-league league doesn't run west-

MacLaine: ups you type or take dictation?

ward is either the Toronto **Kiss Kids** of the American League or the Montreal **Expos** of the National League. Canada's east-enders are Boston Red Sox fans who, for the past 10 years, have come to know the Bluebonnets through **Wendy Martin**, the radio voice of the Sox. Not any longer. Martin, one of baseball's most Maritime broadcasters, was recently fired by the Sox for looking at his son's request to litter his play-by-play with commercials. But there is some pay in Rockville. Martin is still in the running for a television job doing games on Boston's Channel 38. Thanks to callowness, Donna Kauranen may leave Martin again.

Pondering out that it only sells legal drugs, Britain's Boots pharmacy chain has banned rapper star **Pokey Tack's** recently released album entitled *Shah Doctor Boots*, also one of Britain's largest record retailers, hastily removed the disc from the shelves because of a misleading scratch 'n' sniff sticker printed on the sleeve. It seems that after criticizing the corporation in scratch, Boots executives took one whiff and were treated to the unmistakable scent of cannabis. EMI, who produced the record, said the sticker was intended to smell like the Jamaican herbal remedy *Pokey Tack's* had been considering. One of the dreadlocked star's earlier albums was called *London 8*. Boots remained unconvinced.

Although her former husband says she looks "Trumpy" these days, 39-year-old **Susan Regis Widdington** isn't interested in making the list of America's best-dressed women. As the recently appointed special assistant to President **Jerry Garcia** on women's issues (replacing mighty **Southridge Costanza**), however, Widdington will undoubtedly rise high on this year's poll of most powerful women. After graduating from law school when she was 22, Widdington made her national reputation five years later when she won the landmark **Jane Roe** Supreme Court case which struck down state anti-abortion laws. Although still a national champion of women's issues and the pro-abortion lobby, Widdington has turned her diplomatic focus on ensuring a somewhat lower profile after entering the conservative White House. Nonetheless, a list can be learned about Widdington from her favorite nursery rhyme: "It's Mary Had a Little Lamb Except this Mary grows up to own the largest sheep farm in Texas."

Canadian expatriates and **Norwegian** *Leopoldina Susan Kelly*, 36, and **Ted Mann**, 38, returned to Canada last week, glad to be back in a country where "parley is still a side order and con-



Kelly and Mann: a little bathroom humor

starch considered a condiment." No sentimental journey this, however. They came to promote their recently published book, *Shutty Hydrus on Canada*, on what they called a "tour of major Canadian cities—Toronto." Naturally, they agreed to appear on *Canada After Dark* and to comment on the "province of Canadian humor." According to Kelly, the funniest thing about Canadians is that "they all want to be Americans, without being crass and vulgar. Right now we're working on a Canadian movie called *Papa Festival*. Everyone wears white shirts and bikinis, which is fine, except it'll be shot in Saskatchewan in February."

Do not get it: It is probably the price in the store is \$15.

Widdington: in the House of good rapists



Leading into his seventh season as co star of British pantomime in the colonies, Montreal-born **Ursel Blair** is hoping, at least in one way, that history doesn't repeat itself. In his role as Billy Bily in *Gutbucket* and *The Three Bares* (which opened in Ottawa last week and will tour Toronto and Hamilton), Blair has the task of keeping thousands of kids glued to something other than a TV set. In doing so, he has gimmicks such as giving gifts to the audience and inviting kids on stage to participate. "It never fails," said Blair, a British veteran in the off-season. "As soon as the children come up they have to go to the bathroom. I remember one show in Ottawa where a little boy did—drunk and centre stage." Edited by **June O'Brien**

# Shutter clutter

Years ago the art of amateur photography was little more than an 88-ben camera and a family album of fuzzy Spot, Dick and Jane pictures taken sparingly on birthdays, weddings and holidays. Anything more was difficult, only of interest to the professional or serious amateur. It meant figuring out focus, speeds, f-stop, exposure meters, and more often than not, noc-

The camera has become constant companion.

Classes, labs, seminars and studios are crowded with photography buffs. Photo galleries are becoming common. Photography books are the new collectible conversation pieces. The number of camera clubs is sharply increasing. Joan Powell, director of the Toronto Camera Club School of Photography, says that interest in photography has never been higher and that lectures draw as many as 200 people. "Publications like *Canada, A Year of the Land* have generated a great deal of enthusiasm," she says. "Everybody wants to take beautiful pictures."

Mark Pearson, who teaches Canadian pop culture at the University of Toronto, describes photographs as the "great keepers of our time. During the 20th century, when memory was all important, people kept books of hours as sentimental remembrances. Today, we take pictures to immortalize landmarks in our personal lives. A photograph holds great charm. It preserves an experience that is unique, that no one can take away from us."

Young pictures has travelled a long way since George Eastman, a young Rochester, New York, photographer put his Kodak No. 1 on the market in 1889. The model was priced at \$25 and was packed with enough film for 100 shots. The camera and exposed film had to be sent to Rochester by the customers for developing and prints. The camera was then returned, loaded, for \$13. Eastman's slogan: "You press the button—we do the rest."

That slogan has never been truer than it is today. Photography has been made easy. The new cameras, although incredibly complex and sophisticated on the inside, demand only that the photographer press the button. The camera does the rest. As a result, 85 per cent of Canadian households own one or more cameras. This year alone amateurs will spend more than \$200 million on cameras, film and flashbulbs. This, along with professional purchases, adds up to a \$200-million industry, bigger than the Canadian jewelry and giftware market, bigger than the sporting goods market. Retail sales are increasing at the rate of 400 million a year. Business hasn't been as good since the

invention of the film camera.

Today, lenses are fast enough to permit shooting low light level pictures and shutter speeds have a range to capture most action. Automatic exposure, once for the novice only, is now available from such makers of professional single lens reflex cameras as Canon, Pentax and Nikon. Minolta makes a camera that locks automatically when the lens is mistakenly not to overexpose or when the batteries are too weak. *Kodakshor* recently introduced an auto-focusing camera and experts predict the idea will catch on. Built-in flash and zoom lenses are becoming standard equipment on many cameras as well as built-in motorized auto-winders that permit the photographer to shoot pictures rapidly without having to wind the film after each shot.

Last month, RCA Corp. announced that it's developing an electronic handheld camera that might revolutionize photography because it doesn't require film or flash and has no moving parts.



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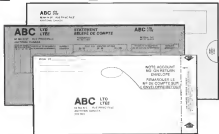
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Still in the design stage, the company says the camera will be rugged, lightweight and so sensitive that it can take excellent quality photographs—color or black and white—without flash in any light, even in a dark, moonless night.

Photographers may view their pictures immediately on a television-like screen on the camera and erase the ones they do not want. Pictures they want to keep will be retained as a computer-like memory chip in the camera, and other prints or transparencies will be obtainable by feeding an electronic signal from the camera into a photo-copy machine at home or at the nearest drug-store or photo shop.

It has a science-fiction quality which no doubt has caught the attention of the "instant" camera makers who are the the leaders of the big boom in cameras. Some 15 million instant cameras have been sold since Dr. Eldon Land invented the Polaroid camera 30 years

ago. They are fun, easy to use and instantly offer the excitement of seeing an image appear seconds after clicking the shutter.

Close to one million cameras were sold in Canada last year and about 800,000 of them were instant cameras, with Polaroid leading the way in sales over Kodak. "We are turning out cameras 35 hours a day but cannot keep with the demand," says Han van Besteren, general manager of the company in Canada.

David Heath, a photography teacher at Rippon Polytechnical Institute in Toronto, maintains that the instant camera is a vital new medium in photography. He notes wherever he goes and in the past two years has taken more than 14,000 instant pictures ranging from abstracts to portraits and snapshots. "I guess you could call them instant autobiography. I value the spontaneity and the fact the camera took me from the darkness."

Polaroid has recently made big news

in the home-movie field with the introduction of an "instant movie" system which produces color movies 10 seconds after they have been taken. Critics point out that the system cannot be edited, that it needs a special projector.

Yet there is some indication that instant camera buyers have more faddish taste. Robert Black, president of a chain of camera stores, says the people who buy the more expensive cameras use them more than the instant cameras. Sales of 35mm cameras have expanded so much in sales, he says, that there have been periods of shortages in film. The trend, he says, is to buy more and more in the \$200 to \$300 range.

Camera amphiphily has led to a great awareness of the entire photo field. "People aren't afraid of cameras anymore," says Mark Wellen, vice-president of Henry's Camera of Toronto, which has a corner on two per cent of Canada's photo business. "Photography is an art that has become accessible to the masses. Not everybody can write or paint or dance but just about anybody who can press a button can take a good picture."

James Lormane, curator of photography at the National Gallery in Ottawa, is not convinced that the new technology in photography will bring the art any closer to its creative potential. "People may be taking more pictures but that doesn't mean they are putting any more thought into it. Hobbyists tend to live within their own shells and are more likely to imitate than innovate."

Lormane Mack, head of the still division at the National Film Board, says, "I have the concept of updating anything and calling it art. A great image is a great image I've seen enough to know that there are great pictures being taken by amateurs." He is promoting the idea of a Canadian Centre for Photography in Toronto that would be a place to view and discuss a variety of styles and photo interests.

Photo dealers are presently advising customers to buy now and if it makes sense. Most of the cameras on dealers' shelves were ordered six months ago, which means that purchases won't suffer the bite of the devaluation of the Canadian dollar, especially against the Japanese yen.

The Japanese have something approaching a monopoly on the camera market, accounting for 75 per cent of Canadian sales. Most of the existing stocks, dealers predict, will be depleted over the Christmas buying season. And many are predicting a 50-per-cent price increase in Japanese cameras by the spring.

Nash Jones







## Lifestyles

# Women in arms: they'll stand on guard for thee

When Lieutenant Valene Spencer entered Kingston's Royal Military College this fall, she secretly thought of herself as a troublemaker. Her decision to step up for post-graduate war studies with courses in strategic theory and international security was made simply because "the interest in the military has always been there." But as the first woman to enter the august institution, the 28-year-old Timminsian has become the symbolic shock-troop leader for waves of women who may now be allowed into all but frontline combat roles in the Canadian Forces.

Spencer's progress is being closely watched in Ottawa, where Defence Minister Burrey Danson is on the verge of recommending, after a thorough study by his top military brass, a major, gradual expansion of women into some of the four classifications now restricted to men, as well as new openings in the 21 trades now available to women. Danson will lead the study last spring after the rejection of a last-year girl's application for pilot training in the forces triggered complaints of federal government discrimination. Jeta Wakh, a high-school student from Ajax, Ontario, with a lifelong desire to be a military pilot, received a letter from the Forces explaining: "Regrettably, young ladies are not eligible to apply for pilot training in the Canadian Forces." A few weeks later,

US Air Force Admiral Barbara Yates took over the servicing problem with Canadian Private Don Madden, some and the wounds

more than a dozen countries, especially in the U.S., where dramatic changes have recently occurred for female recruits. There, while still forbidden to hold direct combat positions, colored women are filling all sorts of new support jobs—going through jump school to qualify as parachute riggers, for instance, and learning to fly the heavy transports that might come under fire in battle.

The study did unearth arguments against Canadian women taking up arms against the enemy. An internal survey of 4,500 serving men and women and their spouses showed the majority of males, especially operational command, are not enthusiastic about expanding women into combat roles. Then there's the cost factor. Each year, it costs the defence department about \$1.1 to \$1.5 million to train an operational pilot. There's the age-old argument that the female attrition rate—due to marriage and pregnancy—would be higher, and the investment of training women pilots might be lost since protective gear, like G-suits and oxygen masks may have to be redesigned.

Nevertheless, when Danson takes his recommendations to cabinet in the next few months, supported by this study's findings, he will propose slowly expanding the role of women in military operations. If cabinet heads Danson's recom-



Women's Air Force member snowed out during rehearsals, equal rights war almost won

moderation—as the federal ministers likely will—a new, though frightening era would be opened to Canadian military women in which they, too, could do to defend their country.

Julianne Labrecque/Catherine Fox

Media

## The household word that isn't known

Forward Seguin had just finished shooting 13 weeks of an English-language TV series when the cat let him know that it wouldn't be acquiring his services any longer. "They told me," he remembers with some exasperation, "that they didn't like my accent." That objection, with perfectly pear-shaped teeth and a rapist who, when 1938/9 awarded him its prestigious Hallings prize for popularizing science last week, most of his "countrymen" had never heard of the distinguished Québécois who was following Julian Huxley, Bertrand Russell and Margaret Mead into the prize roster. Although his name is virtually a household word in Quebec and his popular science shows have been sold to 20 countries around the world from French West Africa to Australia, Seguin stated that even the news of his award never seemed to have crossed the Ottawa River. "Let's put it," he smiles, his impeccable English hanging in the air like an unspoken reproach, "the two solitudes run again."

In that remote solitude east of the nation's capital, Seguin's first enthusiasm about the glorious moments of the great men of science over Radio-Canada screens just over 25 years ago are credited with inspiring two generations to fill up Quebec classrooms studying everything from botany to anatomy. Now, at 28, the image of an *enfant* Charles Boyer has melted into that of a sophisticated Maurice Chevalier warning against science's "radical course." As a

Award winner Seguin: there's a need for more reporting on science in newscasts



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friend points out, "this isn't just a guy who finds the right words to translate scientific terms for the critics. This is a man of wide-ranging vision—a genuine humanist."

Already the host of a science classroom of the air on radio, when television came to Quebec in 1962, he was invited to translate his enthusiasm into visual terms. "At that time, science in Quebec was like a desert," he says. "There were almost no funds, very few researchers. It seemed to me that to get rid of this hostility, we had to create a scientific climate—and the way to do that was to approach adolescents." The fact that he reached them was given vivid testimony when 500 letters a week used to pour into his show, *Foroever Science*, *The Joy of Knowing*, the long-running *Science and Science* and its later years, an hour-long live interview show called *Self of the Week*.

These days, Regula watches with some interest how English-Canadian TV has followed Max with its own science star David Suzuki. Suzuki still broadcasts his weekly radio series, has just finished shooting a National Film Board feature on the brain and behavior with Gilles Philibert, but since September most of his time has been spent in bringing to Quebec TV an idea he has been promoting for 20 years—the need to integrate scientific survey into the nightly newscast. One of his most recent reports was on Britain's test-tube baby, a development which he dandied, indeed, Regula lately finds himself often criticizing science, rather than celebrating it.

"Look at nuclear experiments, the degradation of the environment," he says. "Big science has this human pride in mastering nature, sometimes no matter what the consequences. Scientists should be more conscious of their social responsibility. If there is no quality of humanity to temper their work, we are on our way to catastrophe." As he reported the Madaga prize at Ottawa's Fair headquarters late last month, he also warned the Third World to look carefully at the much vaunted technology they were importing from the West.

"We forget that when we deal with any expert, even culture," he said, "it is a subtle fact a Trojan horse which has with it an arsenal of values from the society of its origin."

Regula knows about cultural values. His shows have been translated into a handful of languages, including Japanese, but the one place where they have not been shown, besides English Canada, is France. "I was told," he says, "that it was because the French could never accept a stranger telling them about their own ancestors." Nothing to do with his accent, as it turns out.

**Martel McDevitt**

**Headlines**

# The treatment that's needing the addicts

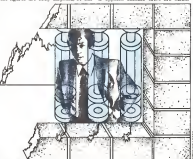
Peter S. is a big man who dresses well without being flashy. He provides for his wife and two children by working in construction. To the casual observer he is a model citizen—in fact, he is a heroin addict. He has spent 12 of the last 20 years in jail and is only able to keep a steady job because he receives a daily dose of methadone, a synthetic narcotic which blocks the drug for him. "Last year I tried to get off methadone so that I could get a job out of town. But I had to go into a private hospital which I paid for myself, and the government couldn't or wouldn't help me get off it. Anyhow it didn't work and yesterday would I go back on methadone. And it's the only cure they have I had to beg them, threaten to kill myself, to get back into the program again."

Last June, in the face of considerable opposition from the legal profession and persons knowledgeable about heroin addiction, the British Columbia government decided it would do something about Peter and his fellow addicts—there are 6,000 known and 2,000 suspected addicts in B.C., which is about 60 per cent of the total in Canada—by passing the Heroin Treatment Act that, for the first time in Canada, establishes an all-encompassing program to try to cure them—whether they wish it or not. The Social Credit government will initiate a compulsory treatment as of April 1 next year and voluntary treatment as of January 1 but, if civil libertarians and a loose-knit group of citizens called the Ad Hoc Committee Conspiracy Against Treatment Plan have their way, the legislation will be thrown out by the courts on the grounds that it is unconstitutional.

Although B.C.'s Alcohol and Drug Commission, which is responsible for administering the program, says that Peter and the 500 or so others who are on methadone will stay on as long as necessary, the long-term goal is to make everyone drug-free. To achieve this the government is establishing 10 community clinics throughout B.C., a street unit in Vancouver and a clinic to serve the major adult population, five "area coordinating centers" where addicts will have to go to see whether they are candidates for what is being called the "health entry plan," a "therapeutic community" where addicts will receive

"a more fundamental and comprehensive lifestyle re-orientation" and, most controversially, a residential treatment centre that is the major focus of attack by the program's enemies.

Elsewhere in North America, including Matagot Prison in B.C., most observers agree that compulsory treatment programs have failed. Programs in New York and Kentucky had a failure rate of at least 90 per cent and, although the figures are hotly disputed, so has



the Canadian program. Bert Hodges, chairman of the Alcohol and Drug Commission, feels B.C. will succeed where others have failed because of the range of therapies and services—from chemical narcotic antagonists (which block the euphoric effects of heroin) to acupuncture, hypnosis, and life-and-luck—and the length of treatment: three years, whether the "client" enters voluntarily or not.

Although the program has not yet been finalized, some of its philosophy is revealed in working documents that have come into the possession of *Maclean's*. One document, describing a means of behavior modification for addicts through a "contingency contract" between a "manager" and a "client" whereby "the health entry plan is also

to impose control on certain areas of the client's lifestyle." The original contract, once signed under a cross condition (such as incoherence) is considered to be "non-negotiable." As part of the contract's terms, "clients" will be "granted special privileges" (a) such as "the privilege of remaining out of jail, or the privilege of retaining legal control over one's children." Rewards for appropriate behavior include receiving \$5 toward the purchase of a record album or \$10 toward a television. Breaches of the agreement may involve having to give \$5 to the John Birch Society or some other group the "client" detests.

The B.C. Civil Liberties Association says the bill is outside the province's jurisdiction and is, in fact, under federal criminal legislation. The B.C. branch of the Canadian Bar Association is opposed because there are man-

ent safeguards for the protection of the addict while in treatment. The B.C. Medical Association has had reservations about the plan but re-affirmed its basic support on Nov. 16 although many individual doctors are opposed to it. The New Democratic Party opposes the bill saying the money is better spent on increased law enforcement.

But for Peter S. all the arguments are irrelevant. His attitude is simple—as long as he is on methadone, he can survive, but any more restrictions on his personal freedom are likely to make him feel more depressed and less keen back to heroin. The way is that both he and Bert Hodges want has to lead a drug-free existence—they simply differ totally on how to achieve it.

**Mark Budge**

## To test or not to test? It's a pregnant question

Three healthy, fertile women volunteered for an experiment that was part of continuing research aimed at perfecting a birth-control vaccine. The experiment failed. For the three women who participated, however, the far more unfortunate results were two abortions and one baby.

The experiment was conducted, not in affluent Canada, but in desperately overcrowded India. But it has roused controversy among Western scientists, some of whom have accused the man who conducted the tests, renowned biologist Dr. G.P. Talwar, of jeopardizing the women's safety by using the vaccine when it was not safe to do so and designing the whole program by the reluctant but publicity Canada, by contributing funds to Dr. Talwar's work at the All India Institute of Medical Sciences, seems to be an unwitting accomplice.

Health researchers around the world view the vaccine, which would utilize the antibodies created by the body's immune system to specifically prevent one chemical from fulfilling its part in the fertilization process, as having the greatest potential of any birth-control method in history. They say the vaccine should lack the depressive side effects of the pill and the anxiety often associated with the IUD, barrier methods and sterilization. Dr. Talwar's work has earned an immense, but is taken, possibly, by several mystics that would prevent implantation of a fertilized egg in the uterus by eliminating a key hormone produced by the fertilized egg itself.

The World Health Organization (WHO), aware of the controversy and emphasis of population control as the world's No. 2 problem after malnutrition, recently prepared a set of guidelines to be used in developing vaccines for fertility regulation. They stipulate that extensive studies with appropriate animals should first test that the antibodies will not react to any other chemical in the body, will not result in deformation, and that the effects will be reversible. The first phase of human trials should use sterilized women only to find out if the vaccine reacts with any



Illustration (top) shows how vaccine works. Clouder of World Health task force (right) the dangers of going too far, too fast.

hermone structure in humans that is not present in the animals tested. After success in Phase 1, Phase 2 trials would begin, using fertile women to prove the vaccine works. In Phase 3, the vaccine is released for public distribution under controlled administration by public-health officials.

"Nobody has as yet done safety studies on the extent to which a human trial is possible or should be permissible," says Dr. Bernhard Clauser, a University of Toronto immunologist who is also a member of the WHO task force for fertility regulation in women by immunologic means. "But the contraceptive method must not profoundly interfere with a person's well-being."

Dr. Talwar's clinical trials using vaccines have been carried out at the All India Institute since 1973 and are supported by almost every major funding organization in the developed world. Phase 1 experiments were approved by a government-appointed committee in India and the Western agencies were informed that experiments using sterilized women were being started. These experiments were supported by Canada's International Development Research Centre, a federal Crown corporation, and several organizations in other developed countries, and were carried out in co-operation with the New York-based Population Council. Dr. Talwar thus added the second phase, with fertile women, using what Dr. Sheldon Segal of the Rockefeller Foundation called "internal financing" from the Indian government. The Population Council disapproved an endorsement to verify the good health of the three women involved and the baby.

But a more disturbing word of the Indian experiments soon emerged. Dr. Vernon Stivens, a fertility researcher working with WHO since 1972, says the experiments went as Dr. Talwar's request, samples of the active component of a contraceptive vaccine to India. "Six months later, Dr. Talwar was presenting data from studies in which a vaccine he had made from the samples was used on people. I thought they were going to be used as monkeys."

India led the developing world's fight against its population problem in 1960, taking on male-dominated religions, social and family structures in a massive, partially successful effort to reduce the birthrate among 350 million people.

Politically, the West has assumed a posture of noninterference with internal decisions of other countries. If it continues on that path, women like the three in Dr. Talwar's experiment will continue to be used as guinea pigs in tests which could do them real harm. And countries like Canada will face a continuing foreign aid dilemma.

Gary Becker

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The great of Kivu, Tutu now holds the headdress (top left), Tutu's Thomas Having and (clockwise from top right) the ceremonial manifestations of Tutu's Egyptian level



Art

## THIS LITTLE PHARAOH CAME TO MARKET

By Rita Christopher

For years the best bet for an Egyptian in New York was to hide behind a pastoral sandwich and pray. Now, at long last, it is time to get out from behind the rye bread and mustard. President Anwar Sadat, of course, his head a notable head in changing the climate, but much of the credit for the Egyptian fever now sweeping the northeast with the devastating regularity that government scientists once predicted for swine flu goes to a 3,000-year-old ambassador—King Tut. "The boy king, he's doing a job no politician could possibly do," exults Thomas Having, former director of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, whose efforts were instrumental in bringing the spectacular Tutankhamun exhibit to the United States and Canada. Since its premiere at Washington's National Gallery of Art, the exhibit has

drawn over 5½ million people—in Chicago, New Orleans, Los Angeles and Seattle—and now the black Bag Apple finds itself in the throes of Tutankhamun. After a five-month New York stand that begins Dec. 30, the exhibit will cross the country to San Francisco, then to its conquest of North America next November at Toronto's Art Gallery of Ontario.

The Tut experience begins far before eager viewers actually see the 35 treasures from Tut's tomb, unearthed in 1922 by British archaeologist Howard Carter and his patron, the 5th Earl of Carnarvon. Tutankhamun have been nearly mummified themselves after waiting in line as long as eight hours to get into the show. "If I'd known the line just to see him, I'd have taken all my money and bought me a museum," sings comedian Steve Martin, who is currently making the charts with a witty little called *King Tut*.

Some, who couldn't take the wait, tried more imaginative plays to cut the line. Museum directors have stopped counting the number of people who demanded special admission because they fanned themselves Tut look-alikes. In Los Angeles the farther shores of lunacy extended to the woman, in ancient mummy, who plopped spermicide on the museum steps and claimed she was the reincarnation of Tut's mother. Seattle topped that with a man who claimed to be a reincarnation of the boy king himself.

For the living dead as well as ordinary mortals, the Metropolitan used a computerized ticket agency to distribute advance reservations that assigned their lucky possessor not only a date but a precise hour to view the exhibit. Even Dickerson, the agency which handles major sporting events and Roadway shows, had never seen anything like the demand for Tut tickets.

Over one million were sold in just five days.

To accommodate all ticket holders, plan museum members and special groups (an estimated 1.3 million people in all), the museum will extend its weekly operating hours from 96 to 92, staying open 12 hours a day, seven days a week. The exhibit itself will be installed on a balcony overlooking another stellar Egyptian attraction, the Temple of Dendera. Four hundred new employees and 500 volunteers have been added to the Met's staff. Three restaurants, one of them refurbished especially for Tut, will serve everything from fast food to full-course dinners. No need to worry about sweating from the sight of all the gold or the press of the crowds—there will be a nurse and a paramedic team on duty at all times. (The Art Gallery of Ontario is already honoring itself for next November. Floors have to be set up and specially covered

to stand the wear of the expected million feet, fire and traffic regulations for the area determined, security, new personnel and volunteers assigned and tickets sold for each hour of the two-month exhibit—requests have already come from as far away as Texas.)

Even those who fail to get into the exhibition staff should not despair. The Met has enough Tut reproductions to go around, everything from notepaper and patterned scarves to painstakingly crafted jewelry. There are more than 200 items in all, the cheapest, a coloring book at \$2.50, the most expensive, a statue of the king in 18-karat gold at \$2,000. Sales at the museum that have housed the show have already produced \$12 million but, unlike the retail sharpeners, none of the institutions will reap a profit. All of the funds will be used to renovate the collection's permanent home, the Clovis Museum. Justly proud of its reproductions, Met

staffers are more than a little appalled at the proliferation of Tut knock-offs.

"We are providing a tasteless selection of merchandise," laments one of a half-dozen show. "But a week two blocks from the museum, the costume party has already begun—a stationary store is selling cardboard Tutankhamun masks. For Egyptologists seized by commercialism, the popcorn seems endless. One can literally live with Tut—sleep in Tut sheets, rub down with Tut towels, eat from Tut china and decorate with Tut wallpaper and furniture, from folding stools to a \$5,000 chair inspired by one of the thrones encased with the boy king. "Since Tut was coming, I thought we might as well snap some business. Now it's so overwhelming so much that I hope we can keep up with it," says the retail store's designer, fortuitously named Prokopy. His line also includes rapidly priced Tut tables and for the downscale shopper, a pillow em-

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS

folded with the famous Tut death mask it sold gold thread—a steal at \$300. "Companies pay millions for a distinctive logo and that death mask gets more publicity than the best trademark I have," says the owner. "I have one contribution to the cause in a newly published book, *Tales from the Tut's Death Story* (see *Madison's* Nov. 6) So, quite naturally, the underpinning are also Egyptian. The Tut's death mask, says Mielster, a small Pennsylvania designer, has fashioned a Tut decanter, the better to sell its dear mash. "Our business has thrived since we introduced Tut," says another designer. Charles K. Smith, a small business owner, has a small East Coast decanter to distribute in 44 states. "On to good things. Remote places another Egyptian—sacred decanter come from the death mask," says Smith. "I have a bag to T-shirts, with Seattle growing highest because for inventive display." A far-seeing entrepreneur came up with the best thing since Parnassus Fountains: a Tut's death mask. "Keep Your Tut's My Tut."

While details of Tat's life remain sketchy, Egyptian fever is a well documented phenomenon. It first struck in France after Napoleon's Egyptian campaign of 1798. Parisian ladies loaded

beginning with Pharaoh-inspired bangles and new Egyptian design translated itself into Empire furniture. After the discovery of the tomb, Carter and Carnarvon were besieged by worldwide demands for commercial licensing agreements. Discovery of an ancient medical text in dozens of requests to produce a modern facemask in New York, women wrapped themselves in mummy-style togas until a local physician cautioned that the fashions severely constricted breathing. A jinx was on its way for those compressed, mummy-juggered bodies. The owner of the *Empire* magazine wrote: "You Mustn't Go Home Shy on Mum. And, more significantly, the popular item and vivid nodules of Egyptian art inspired the Art Deco craze."

He may hope that many will be this generation's most lasting contribution to posterity has pushed Totem's to a new street. Camp followers moving from city to city with the exhibit hauled everything from vibrating Tut pillows to small plastic person's guaranteed to enhance the possessor's inner energy. A New Orleans artist produced a Tut sleeping bag, shaped and decorated like a mummy. Near the Seattle Museum, an enterprising Mexican restaurant sold Tut as a meal fix for a long. For those who didn't want a Totemdown banquet

be accompanied by Neustrom's re-  
venge, a local hotel provided a more  
sedate Egyptian report for that special  
night in Ancient Egypt, men can sport  
Tut two and ladies have their choice of  
Cleopatra or Nefertiti. The menu has  
the Tut Hat, and even coordinating lin-  
ens of the Blue Nile perfume. Stay-at-  
homes are not forgotten in the mark-  
eting blitz. Beverages can be sport put-  
ting together a Tut puzzle, feeding Tut-  
embossed cards at playing card, an ad-  
vanced Egyptian game called Senet.  
The night will be fully marketed as "The  
Game that King Tut Played." In Man-  
hattan, to boost a local tourism cam-  
paign as well as the city's self-image,  
jewellers have produced a pendant that  
spells "I Love New York" in hieroglyph-  
ics. A Brooklyn department store has  
even advertised its sale with offer and  
demand for those who have had to  
nourish the body as well as the mind.

So far as we are in the Tut prenuptial sweepstakes has been in the least scared off by the legendary curse of the pharaohs. The ghost of Bern Karloff, weighed to the rock in bandages, gliding through subterranean passages, can't hold a flickering candle to a meek and Madison Avenue. "If this is the curse," crowed one jubilant Manhattan newshawk, "bring on the double whammy!"

**Let us now throw a stone through the glass screen of the electric quilt machine**

By William Casselmar

file that is without guilt, among you. Let him tune in CBC's *Tide 30*. After viewing, bring double with reverse, you will swing into the kitchen to share your larynx with a glass of that potent Canadian beverage, Fresher-on-the-rocks. Through programs like *Tide 30*, television, shows on native peoples, sitcoms and commercials, TV cradles then exploits guilt.

Two hundred and ninety-nine times a day commercials for "personal care"

products made us to imagine we drink and to feel guilty about it. Then, the Alcon's said, we see today me, garage me, tell me as, spray me up, and work me over. Surprisingly, all to rottenness, every wedding afternoon the oldest son, the Alcon, for women tells us precisely what we should feel guilty about. Here's a list of topics *Take 50* covered in the last three months, as detailed with all the names of the women autistic children, teen-age suicide, shoplifting, hypochondria children, a nurse teen-age mother, sexual dementia, starving a beggar, a woman's problems, sleep deprivation, a contribution

A breeze drive of dancer, dancer

Who's staring watching the garbans? Oh, the habitual reader of *Alibi*, the reader who imagines life's restraints are solved in six minutes, the neighbor who proffers watery soup as he feasts laws as your house burns to the ground. Dear hearts, one and all Canada's middle class loves to reuse a single forgotten and inspect the writings of the poor, as the dagger in black cardboard continues with a shoulder two bottles mating on her nose bank and, far the persons in her Valium overdose, there's something in his house



<sup>a</sup>Yes, remember when Father was poor?"

[illegible]

*Soap* retains the comedy of exhaustion.

TV harrier unlocks the revealed story when it deals with native people. Now more John Wayne stalling Cowboys. Now more National Film Board's *Pocahontas*. Workers at *Monty Sontag*. Today at least the more sensitive viewer may wince as he sees pathetic scraps of indigenous culture confined to what we call charmingly odd restrictions. Now, we like to think, television has helped change our view of native peoples. The

speeches appear on the nightly news, demanding the return of their patrimony. Even Canada's show hit has chafed the native performers' feelings. "I'm a frightened honors Latin," says Buffy Saint-Marie. Watch Chief Dan George harp on his role as white guy Chief George? Then he was on the usually censored *The Smithsonian*, playing yet another tribal medicine man in touch with the Great Spirit. The Chief is a comforting Canadian cliché: white man in red. Just as white men are the only ones to play the "honky" name, Barbara Carreira is not a native woman, on the

Surely then we can look to public at

news programs to show on how native Canadians really live. Early last September, *Quarterly Report*, the CBC high-budget, magazine-truth show, covered its 90-minute broadcast about the Indians. The same old footage, news about the native man, drunk on Main Street, hard-drinking down his chest, emaciated, beater. The native woman, a bad mother and a drunken whore. The content of this so-called "news" program has been broadcast hundreds of times since TV began here in 1952. I frequently suspect white have a compulsion to see it repeated. Native people as repeat drunks. It's a double-whammy (dominal) either we dance or we loose.

Quarterly Report only reallocated the barbaric history they lost. We won. The show petted our guilt as though it were a lap dog. When producers are this careless, even a news documentary can be an act of racial aggression.

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## Films

### Crime and punishment credit-card style

TOP TRACER

Directed by Zoltan Balazs

Probably the best Canadian movie of the year, *Slip Tracer*, a study of a dispossessed spirit, is like a long chapter out of Dostoevsky: purposeful, intense, exciting and cruel. It's not exactly bleak—it's unbearably depressing, in fact—but the director, Zoltan Balazs who also wrote the script, edited and composed the music, is so preoccupied with his material that you're pulled into it regardless. It has a completeness of vision and consistency of style rare in Canadian movies, but it feels off the very verge of excessive in its precision.

*Slip Tracer* (it means a strong-arm debt-collector for a loan company) is about the consumer mentality that has warped in mind to dreams of pie in the sky at 15% per cent. Vancouver skip tracer John Collins (David Peterson) negotiates work. Cool, with a partner's gun and as a social realist, he's creepy as he represents cars, TV sets and sofas, back at the office where he's jockeying for his fourth "Man of the Year" award, he's as good as his job.

Peterson: *Slip Tracer* is an achievement

Moving in a world of threat, frustration, tergiversity and sorrow, he's become dispossessed himself, sublimating all he has into his work—and a set of weights back in his western apartment. (Slipping a knife of its contents is no class as he comes to a sexual act.) Divested of nearly all his humanity, he's close to cracking up. He rolls a coin across his fingers like George Raft. Popping a coin in Stephen's (He's a cold, chilly, stark, her hood who makes the redemptive mistake of looking too long in a mirror. With the tread of a censor in a hospital corridor, Balazs traces Collins' return to life.

When Collins confederates to the help of a greenhorn (John Laumann)—a pond is heavy, black-rimmed glasses and an early-morning breakfast—he does it because it amuses him, temporarily. The kid's a idiot, but he's also a link with the outside world and a reminder of where Collins himself went wrong. Stabbed by an unknown retributive as well as in gaudy's mask, then disquieted by a desperate confusion from a doctor's wife, he begins to question his senselessness in an unrequited elusiveness.

Peterson's performance is first-rate, the gruttness of the physical and emotional geography just right, but Balazs, for all his talent, never extricates himself from the tenses restraint of his skip tracer. While it might seem a perfect marriage of subject and style, for an artist it can be a complacent arrangement. We're sberstached on suspense, still-led by all these long-held shots. As a character portrait of an occupational based rearing dramatically on psychology, and by subtle association an artistic commentary on how reality is staved off by credit card, *Slip Tracer*—an art movie about three-piece suit estrangement—is accurate enough. The shame is that truth, unlike art, can often be tedious.

Lawrence O'Toole

### Pomp, pompous, -a, -um, ho hum

A DREAM OF PASSION  
Directed by James Glicken

Something about Melina Mercouri's *Braveheart* (which she made you want to see of this her, at least admire her style. But her usually case seems just an more device in *A Dream of Passion*, written and directed by her



Mercouri, *Braveheart*: the hair and now

her head John Dantes. It's not her hair anymore, it's a wall hanging.

Mercouri stars as Maya, an actress come home to Greece to play Medea on stage. Rehearsals are frequently interrupted by a TV crew, as location for a TV series called *The Creative Process*, and Maya's anguished inability to fashion her only too superficial fascination with Brenda Collins (Ellen Barkin), an imprudent American who persuaded her husband to behead by killing their children on Father's Day. Although Dantes is content with just awkward allusions to Tennessee Williams and Ingmar Bergman, nothing will do for Dantes but a show of the play in Greek, with subtitles, and a show who look like an unhappy Dantes ad. The idea of bringing together business and actress and business women might have held some grudging interest, but Dantes's character is pompous and vulgar. As Brenda, a satisfied housewife who sees God in every flower and is still touched by the attention of an international celebrity, Dantes goes for the kind of stupid, platonic feeling that only Shelley Winter should be permitted to play. As Maya/Medea, Mercouri goes for the kind of grand posture that one believes left in warheads. David Livingstone





# Watch Lalogue, Onomatopoeia, Leatherlungs, Phogbound and Ham say 'Cheese'

By Allen Fotheringham

**A**ll the ratings show it. The surprise hit of the season is the soap opera from Ottawa. *Harvey* (from the *Witness* Politics in the past has been viewed in terms of patriotism, patriotism and patriotism, but no one ever suspected it could be so physics. On consideration, this stunning truth should have come as no surprise, since most politicians are essentially ham. Give a politician a mirror and he'll stare at death. The arrival of the mirror, and the soon less nearly reads official what goes on above the showing this entry naming.

Now that you're accustomed to the magical process whereby the ego, exposed in color, is transmitted by the outside ray tube to the puffed million, it must be apparent that *vaudeville* is fast is not dead but merely wrapped in a sun-prec package and. Some of the actors in Ottawa need only a peering looking set, a sword-walker and a man who drops his pants to qualify for two-day in the Bay.

There is, so you'll have passed as your screen, the *Blue Movie* *Lalogue*, quite the most brilliant mind to come out of Quebec since *Explosion* was a pop. Mr. Lalogue is the prime of rational thought upon which the Liberal government is based. His mind works in such straightforward patterns that he is confused, while driving, when confronted with a roundabout. Great favorite with the press. What he feels that if God had intended *vaudeville* assistants to have made executive assistants. She would have made them better looking. Great sense of humor in private, but feels it is illegal in public. Feels strongly that every time a *vaudeville* gets a parking ticket it is proof of a national plot against Quebec. Secretly thinks children's teeth will rot and *vaudeville* will break out if *Lalogue* ever see defeated.

Every TV screen will have illuminated the presence of the *Ham* *Onomatopoeia*. If he had not been invented, TV would have invented it. Only person in Canada more ambitious than

Alan Eagleman. Has jagged outfit color-coordinated to match the color of her hairdresser's eyes. Never wastes a moment. Runs an exercise regime while attending weekly Liberal caucus. Plans this winter to swim underwater the length of the Rideau Canal beneath the ice to deliver, at an ice hole, a press release detailing secret plans on the USSR not series, thought to include stuffing *Rogers* *Whitaker* and placing him in jail. Would like to be prime minister, but so would Joe Clark. She's better looking (and has a far more



rejoice, physics).

Still a member of the ruling cabinet is Senator R. J. Leatherlungs, a direct descendant of his cousin (dram school) of Senator *Crusoe* *Phogbound*. When in House of Commons, set a Guinness record by smashing four desk tops to splinters in a single session in fervent support of his front bench *Spandau* lungs and adjustable principles make him ideal government senator. Can speak at any length on any subject, ignorance of the topic no handicap. Feels *leaves* probably run by *Lalogue* *Justice* (and to *Frederick*, as he would be tomorrow to *Tiger* *Williams* if that worthy assumed the same post.

Lurching into your screen frequently is the *Blue* *Sam* *Siddons*. From the West. Poet most of the problems of the world due to intellectualism, homosexuality, the press, the *Establishment*, the Tories, the *Liberals* and possibly *finger-pointing*. Crossed the floor to join the *Liberals*, regarded by the Tories as the most propitious act since

*Rodolph* *Hess* parachuted into England. (Many *Liberals* now reluctantly agree.) Be contemptible be once slugged himself. Reminded to be walking a back titled *Woe* *Green* *Woe* *My* *Erry*.

There is the formidable figure of Dr. *Explosion* *Portlight*, world's champagne lecturer-to-the-editor writer. Sole holder of the secret to the country's constitution. Terrible to offend at anyone who dares to challenge that monopoly. Dr. *Portlight*, who is a senator, believes that the solution to Canada's future is to change nothing. Exchange anything would probably upset the Queen, who is a well liked, even though she lives in another country.

The caucus always seek out *cheese* and as the *Opposition* *Members*, the secret are drawn as by a magnet to the spoken *Gregory* *Ham*. If *John* *Christie* spent as much time as his budget as *Gregory* *Ham* does on his mouthpiece, the economy would be in good shape. *MP* *Ham*, whose face after lunch is often mistaken for a red traffic light on *Sparks* *Street*, likes to back the red during operation period. He's been doing this for 10 years and has success record as far as *GIT*. If he is ever in danger of being defeated, Mr. *Trudeau* plans to send in campaign workers to help him.

There is, in the NDP front bench, the venerable *Gangly* *Knowledge*, who has been around for so long he's the only MP ever to have a personal handshake with *MacKenzie* *King's* *dog*. Not to worry, the only thick kink about *Gangly* *Knowledge* is that he supports the movement to have *Larry* *Solt* appointed to the Senate. This is because they are back from *Wynipeg*, which God knows is in rough need for recognition more it has neither climate nor restaurants that open *Saturdays*.

I could go on, but you'd be bored. *Frankly* *shod* *ham* and *cheese* is preferable, any day, to the *cheese* *Hells* *wood* *stuff*.

Never again call your politicians dull. If you don't, believe me, just check their new ties.



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